

Transylvanian transformer

David McKittrick

GYÖRGY HAIMAN
Nicholas Kis: A Hungarian punch-cutter and printer 1650-1702
 Translated by Elizabeth Hoch. Mária Baranyai and Sándor Bándy
 450pp. San Francisco: Jack W. Stauffacher/
 Greenwood Press in association with John
 Howell. \$60.
 0910760128

Nicholas Kis, a seventeenth-century schoolmaster turned printer, who was born in what is now Romania and spent the last nine years of his short life printing for the authorities of the Reformed Church in Kolozsvár, a hundred or so kilometres south of his birthplace, sounds an unlikely person to have had much influence on the appearance of books in the Netherlands, England, Germany and Italy. In this century two versions of his type have been widely available: Linotype Janson and Monotype Ehrhardt; yet when these modern recuttings were first advertised nothing was known of their earliest history. Much of the crucial information about Kis has been available since 1940, but in Hungarian, and while the researches of Harry Carter and George Buday have contributed to his reputation in the West, the details of György Haiman's book, first published in Hungarian in Budapest in 1972, have for the last dozen years been a tantalizing unknown to most Western readers.

The principal interest of Kis for most English-speaking readers centres on his period spent in Amsterdam between 1680 and 1689. He arrived there with a commission to print a Protestant Bible in Hungarian and to familiarize himself with the printing trade so that on his return home he could supervise and improve it. Kis, who had intended to study in Leiden, was disappointed when he found that the Dutch Republic was by no means free of its difficulties. On the other hand, his arrival coincided with a revolution in type design, the rejection of Renaissance forms in favour of baroque, the dominance of *gros œil*, of an increased x-height, with the thick and thin strokes more sharply contrasted; in short, the new "Dutch letters" on which Joseph Moxon waxed so lyrical in 1683-4, praising their "Mathematical Regular Figures", their "commodious Fatness" which "renders them more legible" and

"the true placing their Fats and their Leans, with the sweet driving them into one another". In Amsterdam, instead of quietly finding a willing printer and learning to print, Kis was drawn into punch-cutting, probably with Dirck Voskens; he learned to print with the firm of Blaue, but paid more attention to other parts of the trade than may at a preliminary glance have seemed to be necessary.

The appearance of his Bible is not prepossessing. Described in Professor Haiman's book variously as an octavo and a duodecimo, it was designed not for the bibliophile market, or even a local market, but for a market that entailed a long and dangerous journey. At one stage Kis seems even to have thought of applying the new art of stereotyping to his project, though there is no evidence that he did in fact do so. The Bible of 1685 was followed by three other books: a Psalter dated 1686, usually found bound up with the Bible, a smaller Psalter, and a New Testament dated 1687. If this was indeed all he printed in Amsterdam, the series can never have been the basis of an ordinary commercial business; and Kis's mode of going about his work, just as much as geography, marks him out as an unusual member of the book trades.

By no means all the questions posed by these Amsterdam years are now answered; but the extent of Kis's contribution to type design is at last made clear. Before returning to Transylvania in 1689 Kis produced a specimen of his type-faces ranging from Groot Canon (about 32-point) to Perel (just over 5-point), besides music, a Greek face that broke with respected traditions by including few ligatures, and three sizes of Hebrew. By 1685 he had also cut an Armenian type for the local Armenian press in Amsterdam and by 1686 he was at work on Georgian. Though he cut a few more faces on his return home, by 1689 he had completed—in the space of less than nine years—all the principal types of his career.

Only some of the roman and italic he cut in Amsterdam appear in the books he printed after his return home; and at Kolozsvár he also had the use of type from earlier presses in the country. As a result, while in many respects the books printed after 1689 have a distinctly Dutch air about them, in others they seem provincial, removed from the cosmopolitan style which Kis preferred to cultivate: local conservatism in matters of legibility may well have wielded its own influence. Kis's own *Mentés*, or *Apology*, which he printed at

Kolozsvár in 1698, remains even today unpublished in its entirety in any language other than the original Hungarian, but meanwhile Haiman has provided a most valuable survey of the context in which it was written and printed. Kis's career as a printer in Transylvania, the disappointment he suffered in trying to disseminate the Bibles he had printed at Amsterdam for this mid-European Protestant enclave, the educational programme he followed with his publications after he was able to resume printing in 1693 or 1694 (including not only school grammars and religious texts but also his own translation of a work by Increase Mather – the first Hungarian *Americanum*) add substance and colour to what has hitherto been little more than a shadow. The bibliography of his printing in this volume (slightly fuller than in 1972), by Elizabeth Soltész runs to over a hundred items, of which only the first five (including a type specimen dated c 1686) emanate from Amsterdam.

On leaving Amsterdam, Kis had left behind a quantity of matrices for safekeeping; and this, coupled with what he had sold in the city already, led to the scattering of his type-faces abroad. The Armenian, sold to Matheos Vanandetsi in Amsterdam by 1685, was sold again in the late 1720s to the Armenian congregation at Venice, and remained in use into the early nineteenth century. More importantly, some of his faces came into the possession of Voskens's successors and were marketed long into the eighteenth century. The italic appeared in London in 1692, was used in Rymer's *Foedera* in 1704 and was in Oxford by 1695, bought from the founder Robert Andrews. They appeared in Berlin in 1694, and Hamburg in 1695, while the Ehrhardt foundry at Leipzig acquired matrices of most of his roman and italics.

György Haiman's book, a revised translation of the original Hungarian, spans the world even more ambitiously than Kis himself. It has been published in California not least because of the enthusiasm of Jack W. Stauffacher, and has been published simultaneously in Budapest. As a translation, it betrays some infelicities in the bibliographical terms used, and the inclusion of eight colour plates of bookbindings is not properly explained. But the wealth of other, typographical, illustrations, and the care everywhere apparent given to the unravelling of the career of one of the most important and intriguing members of the seventeenth-century book trades – in Amsterdam and in Hungary itself – combine to present a remarkable achievement.

Impressions of horror

Timothy d'Arch Smith

RICHARD DALBY
Bram Stoker: A bibliography of first editions
 81pp. Dracula Press, 125 High Holborn,
 London WC1V 6QA. £3.50.
 0721206434

The otherwise healthy upsurge of interest in the popular fiction of our forebears is now often accompanied by a less wholesome dredging – by its devotees in their enthusiasm, by its hawkers in the hope of a fast buck – in muddy textual waters. That an author is, in literary terms, a lightweight is no excuse for slipshod editing – Housman at work on Manilius makes the point – but for one reason or another in this particular genre textual scholarship (if it has ever been assimilated) has gone by the board. Texts, rare ones to be sure but of adulterated provenance, are being popped under the photo-offset grill and served to a greedy public in tasty new wrappers with a cavalier incivility, editorially speaking, about their fitness for human consumption.

Some fairly poisonous examples of these unhygienic practices are brought to light in Richard Dalby's quite excellent bibliographical work, *Bram Stoker*. For instance, current editions of *The Lair of the White Worm* (1911) stand exposed as descendants from a mangled and unauthorized abridgment. The original ending of *The Jewel of Seven Stars* (1900) (shades here of the "Haughty Lady" passage in Matthew Gregory Lewis's *The Monk*, and no less of a bibliographical *trouvaile*) was required to be changed to a "happy" one by some odd piece of market research that concluded that the fiction-reading public desired it. Available paperbacks of *The Lady of the Shroud* (1909) also exhibit unwarranted tinkering and excisions. *Dracula*, mercifully, has escaped such mutilations, but Dalby's rule-of-thumb distinguishing mark of the first impression is worth the price of his book alone.

Among the nuggets enshrined in this pitiless and altogether admirable work is a description of what must be one of the rarest examples of *livres-objets*, the souvenir edition of *Dracula's Guest* (performed at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, 1927): "When given away to members of the audience, a black but (separately enclosed inside the front cover), powered by elastic, flew out as each book was opened."

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Matisee's bronze medallion, "Portrait of a Woman" (1904), reproduced from <i>The Sculpture of Henri Matisse</i> by Isabelle Monod-Pontaine (160pp, with black-and-white illustrations, Thames and Hudson, £12.50, 0 500 23400 0).	

Soft sell and soft soap

Roy Harris

DAVID CRYSTAL
Who Cares About English Usage?
124pp. Penguin. £1.95.

0 14 02 2544 7

W. F. BOLTON

The Language of 1984: Orwell's English and ours
225pp. Oxford: Basil Blackwell in association with André Deutsch. £19.50 (paperback, £7.50).
0 631 13658 4

George Orwell's answer to the question posed by the title of David Crystal's book would have been "Not enough of us". Had Orwell actually read *Who Cares About English Usage?*, he might perhaps have added: "And not for the right reasons, either". Crystal's "entertaining guide to the common problems of English usage" is advertised as being based on correspondence from listeners to his radio programme *Speak Out*: so he certainly has some evidence to support his identification of particular points of usage as "problems". But why his radio audience finds the problems problematic is another question.

As broadcaster-cum-university-professor-of-linguistics, Crystal must be in just the position to tell us why; and it is almost the only question of real interest which emerges from his discussion of the familiar agonizing about split infinitives, ending sentences with prepositions, etc. But his answers are on the whole disappointing. He is too quick to put the blame for the existence of the problems themselves on a motley assortment of culprits: these include pedants, schoolmasters, authors of grammar books, elocutionists, logicians, snobish parents, chauvinists, and in general those who are prejudiced and narrow-minded in linguistic matters. This, however, merely substitutes Aunt Sally for explanations. It is like supposing that most political problems are caused by the dogmatism of theorists and the bigotry of party hacks.

Those who turn to Crystal's book for practical linguistic advice will find a sympathetic, cheerful and rather avuncular adviser. One is reminded irresistibly of the jolly GP whose consultation-room technique is bright and breezy, though his remedy is aspirin. Perhaps, after all, this is the most effective way of dealing with linguistic surgery queues. What is one to make, for example, of the patient who complains:

I have never been able to assimilate so much as the rudiments of grammar. Countless times my daughter has explained the difference between a noun and a pronoun, a verb and an adverb. I always say "Thank you darling, I think I have it now." But within minutes, I've forgotten again. To me, a preposition was always the placing of one's left foot in a stirrup, before throwing one's right leg over the back of a horse?

A doctor who cites this case history as an example of his patients' troubles risks inviting the suspicion that he must be having us on; or that some of his patients are having him on. If all this is serious; on the other hand, it seems to reduce the requirements for expertise as a physician to little more than shrewd prescription of the right placebo. But that is not quite the whole story. With words as with bodies: the first task of the "expert" professions has always been to persuade the public to treat them as the experts. The modern Hippocratic style is to acknowledge every complaint as one requiring advice; and then persuade the patient that the affliction is not so terrible after all. That way society gets more doctors, more patients, and everybody is happier in the end.

Faced with unflinching jovial professionalism of this order, whether in the treatment of physiological or linguistic ailments, only those intelligent enough to want to know what confidence to place in the professional advice they are being offered are likely to try to figure out for themselves what lies behind it. The game is given away in Crystal's case by his radio-doctor's list of "common problems". It includes: the adverb *only*, the pronunciation of *r*, syllabic stress (how should you pronounce *controversy*?), hear-homonyms (like *ceremonious* and *ceremonial*), double negation, "vulgar" expressions, syntax of prepositions, and agree-

ments for number and gender. In a word, all the old pedagogic *bêtes noires* are out in full force. The "problems" of English usage recognized by Crystal's BBC patients boil down for the most part to a dreary inventory of points they have been educated - or mis-educated - into believing to be both tricky and important to get right.

Crystal's cure is soft-sell prescriptivism. His doctor's manner is remarkable for the lengths to which he goes in disguising prescriptivism by selling it to the patient as anti-prescriptivism. We leave the surgery reassured that there's nothing really wrong; but at least we have had a chat about taking care, and a chit for a bottle of medicine as well, just in case. A typical example is the treatment handed out to patients suffering from worries about double negation. The English language, the doctor explains, really has two different negative constructions, one being single negation ("He never had any money") and the other being double negation ("He never had no money"). "But which is right?" asks the patient. "Both" is the doctor's answer. With a shrug of the professional shoulders, he advises us to pay no attention to

can't be anything "really" bad about it, can there? Just make sure you don't indulge in too much, or do it when policemen are about. Policemen are remarkably fussy about such things. Next patient, please.

Crystal claims that his aim is to help his readers "develop a sense of priorities, when faced with usage problems" and concludes with a plea for tolerance. He deplores the fact that sometimes "unthinking language can lead to misunderstanding, discord, open hostility". He hopes that out of greater linguistic tolerance will come greater social tolerance. All good liberal sentiments. What is missing from this optimistic communal linguistic health programme is any recognition of the fact that the institutionalization of value judgments about the ways people speak and write their native language has become one of the essential ways of establishing and maintaining power relations within a literate society. Bland talk about standard English as if it were just like school arithmetic or accepted conventions for weights and measures disguises this basic sociolinguistic reality; and the weasel word *standard* itself fosters the deception.



Ann Breakwell's photograph "Wordscape" (1970); reproduced from *The British Council Collection 1938-1984* (1984). British Council. £10. 0 86355 020 7, a complete, illustrated record of its collection of 4,500 works of art, published to coincide with the fiftieth anniversary of the Council.

old-fashioned purists who condemn double negation on grounds of "logic". Both single and double negation are perfectly logical: it's just that the logic in the two cases is different. The logic of single negation is based on the principle that two negatives cancel each other out; whereas the logic of double negation is based on the principle that "If you want to emphasize a negative meaning, then the more negative words you put in the better." Neither principle, and neither type of construction, is better than the other. Some languages use one, and some the other. In the course of the consultation, it emerges that the single negative construction is preferred, for no very good reason, in a certain variety of English called "standard" English; but the equally legitimate double negative is admissible in almost all other varieties of English. So it's up to you, Mr X, which to choose. Opt for "standard" English if you want to; but don't make the mistake of thinking there's something wrong with the syntax of those who opt for other varieties of English. It may interest you to know that in other languages (French, for example) double negation is actually approved in "standard" varieties and recommended even by the most conservative grammarians. Of course, whatever language you are speaking you mustn't use too many negatives all at once, or you will get everyone in a muddle. But there's nothing wrong with piling up negatives in moderation provided they don't prevent people understanding what you mean.

As a piece of grammatical therapy this is just about on a par with telling mentally confused British motorists who mix up left and right that there is nothing wrong with choosing to drive on the right-hand side of the road provided you don't knock anyone down: for that is indeed the rule of the road on the Continent. So there

Crystal more than once emphasizes the difficulty of drawing a clear distinction between "right" and "wrong", and that is not unconnected with the fact that he is extremely vague about what makes the right and the wrong in any case. Sometimes he speaks of a class of linguistic good guys called "educated people". Do they decide? Sometimes we hear of another class of good guys called "excellent writers". Do they decide? Or does correct usage mysteriously emerge from some obscure process of collective decision, like the "general will" of certain social theorists? Crystal does not tell us, and this is of a piece with his tacit assumption that all one needs to sort out most questions of usage is sound common sense, respect for "good" examples, linguistic charity, and perhaps a knowledge of the history of English and a few other languages would come in handy too. British compromise triumphs yet again.

Conspicuously absent from Crystal's list of problems are any of the more serious issues of usage which concerned Orwell. What worried the author of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was, for example, the fact that the word *pacification* was being used to describe the indiscriminate murder of civilian populations. This, by Crystal's standards, simply would not count as "caring about English usage". Nor, unfortunately, does it count for much either in W. F. Bolton's *The Language of 1984: Orwell's English and ours*. Curiously, Professor Bolton devotes a whole chapter to the topic of "Language Abuse", but never gets round to why Orwell believed such usage to be objectionable, or whether he was right.

It may be that Bolton sees nothing objectionable at all in using the word *pacification* to describe, say, United States military operations in Vietnam or Russian manoeuvres in Afghan-

istan. On the other hand, it may be that he regards the objections as too obvious to require comment. In either case, he is wrong. There is no obligation more incumbent upon contemporary historians of English than to investigate why language-users hold the views they do about the proper use of words. To take it for granted that the user's assumptions are also the investigator's assumptions is to make a mockery of honest philology.

As a commentator, Bolton acknowledges and apologizes for his own "unsympathetic view" of Orwell. Unashamedly, he uses Orwell as a peg on which to hang chapters devoted to such topics as linguistic change, class and regional dialects, and literary style, which in themselves have nothing to do with Orwell at all, even though Orwell's remarks about language reflect some recognition of them. One gets the impression that the book might just as well have been *The Language of Mrs Thatcher* or *The Language of Arthur Scargill* if either Mrs Thatcher or Arthur Scargill had provided enough quotable dicta about language to provide chapter headings. This impression is reinforced by Bolton's constant emphasis on the naive nature of most of Orwell's pronouncements about language, an emphasis which obscures certain more interesting issues and makes it difficult to see why Orwell is linguistically significant at all.

Orwell did indeed make a great fuss about the same kind of trivial verbal matters as those which allegedly perplex the listeners to Crystal's radio programme. But this merely establishes - or casts doubt on - Orwell's literary *bona fides*. It raises much the same questions as his more exaggerated attempts to put himself in the position of the "down-and-out" in London or Paris. As a former member of the Burma police, he must have known perfectly well what a word like *pacification* meant in the context of colonialism. Otherwise, implausibly, one has to see him as a kind of innocent linguistic taxpayer who is suddenly scandalized to learn that the money he contributes to a "defence" budget helps to pay for the development of blatantly offensive weapons. But whether Orwell himself was a linguistic simpleton or a linguistic charlatan - or a mixture of both - is not the crucial question. What cries aloud for analysis is the contemporary appeal of his blunt way of expressing moral conviction in terms of linguistic hygiene. Every Orwellian cliché carries a health warning on the packet.

Readers of Bolton's book will look in vain for any discussion of such controversial matters. Nor should they expect to find a considered linguistic assessment of Newspeak, the most famous language of twentieth-century fiction. (For this, they would do far better to read Paul Chilton's recent essay on that topic.) It is a pity, in short, that a book with the title *The Language of 1984* fluffs the unique opportunity to face the challenge represented by Orwellian linguistics. It may well be true, as Randolph Quirk observes, that "the intellectual framework displayed in the principles of Newspeak is very weak and damagingly inconsistent". It may equally well be true that Orwell himself believed in a naive equation between plain language and rigorous thinking. But such minor details can be left for any competent M Litt student to pick up and spin into a chapter. The substantive issues raised belong to a different level in the history of ideas.

Is Orwellian logophobia simply a continuation of the traditional scepticism of Cratylus, of Bacon, and of so many other thinkers in the Western tradition who have found words to be intellectually untrustworthy? Or does it mark - either because of or in spite of Orwell's personal intertwining of the issues - the beginnings of a new moral, political and ideological critique of language? How does one explain the contrast between the apparent shallowness of Orwell's views on good usage and the profound imaginative power of his Newspeak parable? At times it seems that Bolton is about to address such questions. But in the end he shies away from them and returns monotonously to his pet theme, that most of what Orwell said about language had been said before, and was not theoretically very sound anyway. This is academic caution carried to the point of obtuseness. Prophets are not to be judged by the originality of their ideas, or by their cogency either.

John Coates

Julian Barnes

ERIC PARTRIDGE
A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English
Eighth edition, edited by Paul Beale
1,400pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £45.
0710098200

This is the final Partridge, the last edition to contain new material by the man who first started it all in 1937, and whose most famous work it will remain. The whole thing has been reset, revised and reprinted; while the sprawling supplement (which by the seventh edition was threatening to become as large as the base dictionary itself) has been packed back into the main text. We can now see even more clearly the virtues of this dogged, all-embracing, humorous, energetic, speculative, unsnobby, celebratory guide to the demotic. And we can see just as plainly its faults: it is print-based, Empire-based, unsystematic, scholarly in rather an approximate sense, scantly dated and plain bang wrong on numerous occasions. The dictionary has become the victim of its own decades of history, and of its own individuality, and it emerges into this eighth edition as something splendid, lovable, irritating and unreliable, a monstrous growth, a book and a concept which have run their course and have nowhere to go: it is a Partridge up a gum tree.

For successive generations of the bookish, Partridge served as repository and guardian to the socially and morally disadvantaged lexis. That's to say, it was the place where you went to look up dirty words. Seeing them in print gave them the impress of legitimacy (more important than it perhaps sounds); while Partridge's sheer existence helped – as far as lexicography can – to liberate and vivify the language. Part of the dictionary's flirting charm lay in the crafty way Partridge would often set a definition of some archness, if not actual obscenity, beside a roughly vernacular headword. *Ready to spit*, for instance, is glossed as "upon the point of *urethrorrhoea ex libidine*: low", which seems to obfuscate things quite successfully (excluding the sex of the spitter). Partridge had other endearing idiosyncratic habits of definition with his rude words – like that of inserting the world's most otiose adjective when glossing *knockers*, *bristles* (and the few million parallel terms) as "female breasts". This characterful manner has rightly been retained by Paul Beale.

It's a pity, then, that the sex words aren't treated in the later editions with quite the same authority that they once were, or seemed to be. (Perhaps lexicographical rakes can tire of the whole business as much as real ones.) *Rim*, for instance, is misdefined in such a radical way that sexual punters would get a long hard shock if they received what Partridge thinks the verb intends. *Closet queen* is eccentrically (and limitingly) defined as "a crypto-homosexual (male, passive)". *Suck off* bears the baffling note "Not restricted – any more than *suck* is – to Lesbians" (who ever thought it was?). French lessons, which must be the most widely known piece of prostitutes' advertising jargon, simply isn't recorded (it isn't in the *OED Supplement* either); nor is the euphemistic model as in "Model, third floor". *Clone* isn't in, or *disel*; indeed, gay slang is under-represented. *First-flicking* is innocently left at its milder sense of "masturbation"; while the extended sense of *wet dream* is given (public school and service-men's slang, nineteenth and twentieth century) as "a dull, stupid person"; or "someone ineffectual and generally 'wet'". I don't know if this sense still survives, but it has certainly been overhauled: nowadays the term is one of praise, not derogation, and is applicable to either sex – the equivalent of calling someone "a dish". No doubt this shift in the extended use of the term indicates a more relaxed attitude to the original event.

Edmund Wilson, in the course of a slightly patriotic tribute to the *Dictionary* and its maker, recalled that "This reviewer has been using it for years, and he does not remember Partridge's ever having let him down". (Such a guarantee of reliability rings a little cracked, however, when you note that three sentences earlier Wilson has managed to misdate the book's first edition by a year.) In fact, Partridge has always been – as that sign advertising

the hamburger chain announces – "the Home of the Whopper". Paul Beale, in an editorial note, reminds us that "E.P. was always a keen sports fan, esp. of cricket and tennis". Well, at least he said "fan" rather than "connoisseur". E.P. defines *beamer* as "a fast, esp. very fast, ball so delivered by the intimidatory bowler that it bounces head-high and causes, or should cause, the batsman to duck" – a perfectly good definition of *bouncer* (which isn't in the *Dictionary*); whereas a *beamer* is precisely a ball that doesn't bounce, being a very fast head-high full toss (often delivered by mistake). E.P. defines *wrong 'un* as "the wrong sort of ball to hit", which it may indeed turn out to be, but that's very far from the point; it's the spinner's "other ball" which the batsman fails to read. E.P. defines *donkey drops* as "slow round-arm bowling", thus failing to convey the colourful essence of the style, in which the ball is tossed up to a seemingly ludicrous height, so that its unaccustomed, near-vertical angle of arrival at the wicket area disconcerts the batsman. E.P.'s definition of *golden duck* is in fact the definition for *king pair* (which isn't in). E.P.'s *googly* relies on a much too loose definition by someone else. E.P.'s *Chinese drive* is "a snick through the slips": surely the essence of anything Chinese in cricket (I only know *Chinese cut*, which isn't listed) is that the ball takes the inside edge of the bat, passes between pads and stumps and goes down to fine leg? Paul Beale loyally reproduces all these definitions, unrevised; and if he doesn't know anything about cricket, I suppose we shouldn't blame him for accepting the old fan's wisdom. We might, however, rebuke him mildly for not picking up a later development of *wrong 'un*, as a mildly derogatory term used by heterosexuals (like Michael Parkinson) to denote a homosexual.

The whole area of sporting slang, indeed, is far too reliant on other, earlier dictionaries, and could have been done with major revision. Football terms like *clogging*, *nugget*, *over the top*, and that delightful genteelism to put (oneself) about, which any recumbent viewer of Jimmy Hill can quickly pick up, remain unlisted; *bottle (out)* in its football (and wider sporting) use is not recorded; while the list of nicknames for famous football teams is far from complete or contemporary. From tennis-remembering that Partridge once made "a bit on the side"; Beale, tells us, from reporting Wimbledon for the *Guardian* – we note the absence of *dink*, *choke*, *American doubles* and *overcook*. From rugby, *scrum* and *maul* are in, but not *ruck*, *rake*, *up-and-under* or the latter's etymologically more interesting version, *garryowen*.

Wessex tmesis

Catherine Peters

RALPH W. V. ELLIOTT
Thomas Hardy's English
287pp. Oxford: Blackwell/Deutsch. £22.50.
0631 136592

Thomas Hardy's *English* is the latest addition to the Language Library series, which includes the witty and elegant contributions of Eric Partridge, the series's first editor, on Swift, and of K. C. Phillips on Jane Austen and Thackeray. In contrast to these contributors' placing of their authors within a social context, Ralph W. V. Elliott stresses Hardy's timelessness, disentangling the idiosyncratic mixture of archaisms and dialectal forms (often themselves words which had a wider currency in earlier times) and were fast dying out in the countryside. "Literary" language from many sources but from the Bible and Shakespeare above all, and the sprinkling of technical terms from architecture, painting, music and even science and the law. He shows how Hardy marshalled the varied resources of the autodidact into a vocabulary that was both distinctive and flexible, combining different registers, and creating a "Wessex" dialect which was in fact a literary compromise. A necessarily selective glossing of some of the archaisms and dialect words leads to some inconsistency, and the reader who is looking for a Hardy dictionary will often find the notes to the New Wessex edition of the novels more helpful. Professor Elliott, for ex-

ample, quotes from *Jude* "I be old and low, and it takes me a long while to un-ray. I can't unlaced my jumps yet"; he glosses "un-ray" "to undress", but does not explain "jumps", as a form of unboned corset – a sort of primitive liberty bodice – worn, according to the *OED*, by wet-nurses and countrywomen. The discussion of dialectal and obsolete or obsolescent words will perhaps be the least satisfactory section of the book for students of Hardy: a good deal of work has already been done on this part of his vocabulary, by F. B. Pinion, N. Rogers and others.

The most original and rewarding aspects of Elliott's study are his consideration of Hardy's lexical inventiveness and the originality of his syntactical patterns. He rightly calls Hardy's English "determined and ingenious", and shows in detail how his linguistic resourcefulness improved and enlarged the vocabulary available to a late nineteenth-century writer. Hardy learnt from William Barnes not only the use of dialect words for serious as well as comic purposes, but the value of compound epithets in creating a distinctive tone of voice. Elliott's discussion of Hardy's prefixes, and the purposes for which he uses unseparated forms of verbs normally subject to tmesis – "inwrapped", "upbrims" – is particularly helpful. He shows, for example, how by using the single word "overpassed" to mean both "traversed" and "overcame, conquered", Hardy adds poignancy to the last stage of Fanny Robin's journey to Casterbridge. He gives convincing

explanations of Hardy's frequent preference for unusual word order, though I question whether Hardy's description of Farfrae speaking "with the unmistakable inflection of the lover pure" is, as Elliott thinks, "the exact equivalent of French de l'amant pur, which means 'pure' in the sense of unblemished, chaste" rather than single-minded. "A woman pure" would surely have thrown a different light on Tess's tragedy.

Elliott uses Hardy's phrase "Acres of words" from *The Mayor of Casterbridge* as the title of one of his own chapters. Acres – even counties – of words have already been devoted to the study of Hardy's writing. This latest addition will be of more practical use than many of them, to the general reader as well as the student.

The *Year's Work in English Studies*, Volume 62, 1981, edited by Laurel Brake (494pp. Johns Murray for the English Association. £25.00. 03038 8), includes for the first time, in its annual eighteen critical bibliographical chapters, one on Literary Theory, by Robert Young. It opens with a review of the state of the subject in 1980. The Sixteenth Century, excluding drama after 1550 (dealt with separately by David Donald on Shakespeare and E. D. Young on other Renaissance Drama) now has one chapter. Another associate editor, Owen Knowles, contributes, with Dr Brake, to the chapter on the Victorian Period, and Maureen Mann and Michael Rhodes are also associate editors of the volume.

Manufacturing Miss Pym

Peter Ackroyd

HAZEL HOLT and HILARY PYM (Editors)
A Very Private Eye: The diaries, letters and notebooks of Barbara Pym
358pp. Macmillan. £12.95.
0333 34995 4

Three months before Barbara Pym's death, in the closing stages of her cancer, she jotted down in her notebook this reflection on the ineluctable processes of life and death: "The whole business as inexplicable and mysterious as the John Le Carré TV serial, *Tinker, Tallow, Soldier, Spy*, which we all find so baffling." Perhaps in *extremis* television programmes are a comfort, but they have seldom been used as a metaphor of the human condition in quite this way; and as a result one wonders about Miss Pym.

More than forty years before, while she was an undergraduate at Oxford University, she had written in her diary, "I had to decide between giving my face a steam beauty bath and doing *Beowulf*. I chose the former, and I think the result justified my choice." It is the insouciance which is so comic here, since it is the insouciance which comes not from naivety but from a special kind of detachment: *Beowulf* may well be less beneficial than a beauty bath, and television serials may on occasions symbolize Fate, but there are very few writers who would so gladly and even gleefully connect them. Pym's fiction manages a similar tone, when plangent lines from the more obscure seventeenth-century poets are introduced in the middle of inconsequential contemporary conversations: is the discrepancy comic, poignant or merely bathetic? One reads on with a mounting sense of suspense which is rarely, if ever, resolved.

As a result, the novelist herself remains something of a mystery, but it is not one which this compilation of her letters and journals does very much to fathom. Here are only the raw (sometimes very raw) materials out of which she stepped in order to assume the role of the "dreadfully splendid" spinster – a theatrical creation which seems to have captured the attention, not only of her loyal English readership, but also of the great world beyond. She is almost bafflingly popular in the United States, for example, where the secrets of the jumble sale and the tea-shop have yet to be revealed.

Quite how she managed this apotheosis is another matter. She had a happy and comfortable childhood – her mother was an assistant organist in the local church, and her father sang in the choir; it was the sort of household in which unmarried curates came to dinner, meals later to be immortalized in her own fic-

tion where chickens are always being cooked in a difficult sauce. After an average career at school, she went up to Oxford in 1931 in order to read English; here she seems to have lived entirely for pleasure – if one can call it that, since most of her time was consumed in a bedraggled passion for a young man called Henry Harvey or, in her fevered imagination, "Lorenzo". He married a Finn, unfortunately, and Pym suffered her first but not her last agonies of betrayal (she occasionally adopted a Finnish accent in later life, apparently for comic effect).

But even as she was enduring the strains of this unhappy love affair she was able to employ them: while at Oxford she began her first novel, *Some Tame Gazelle*, in which by an act of instinctive genius she transposed her friends into a bewildered or frustrated middle age – Pym herself emerging in the character of a "contented spinster". Her sister writes in the introduction to *A Very Private Eye*, "We had a saying that Barbara used to make things happen by writing about them"; one might say that, more importantly, she made herself "happen" in just such a fashion.

From the rather scattered records collected here it would seem that Oxford, despite the romantic overtones which she suffered there, represented her happiest period; certainly her diaries suggest that her life in the late 1930s was that of an unhappy and dissatisfied young woman (who describes herself as an "old woman"), unable to get her novel published, and experiencing all the horrors of unrequited love: it was during this period, in fact, that she learned what she called "the technique of misery". At the beginning of the War she became a censor of civilian letters, an occupation from which she seems to have derived enormous satisfaction, and then she joined the Wrens where she fussed over her "page boy" haircut. There is something oddly uninteresting about such a life, and yet she seems to know that it is dull and is even able to dramatize the fact – this is what, in the end, makes her remarkable. It is a paradoxical set of circumstances, almost a "double bluff", but it was the making of the novelist.

And indeed it was, after the War that she enjoyed a measure of success; she joined the International African Institute and became assistant editor of *Africa*, its house journal. Perhaps anthropologists enter her novels so frequently because she discovered that she had more in common with them than at first she thought; she transcribes one pertinent academic remark in her notebook which might almost be a definition of her fiction: "It is important that not even the slightest expression of amusement or disapproval should ever be displayed at the description of ridiculous, implausible or disgusting features in custom,

cult or legend." Such coolness – what one might call professional detachment – served her own purposes very well, and it was during these years that she wrote the five novels which mark the "middle period" of her work.

And then in the 1960s her "career" (although she might have laughed at the word) went into sharp decline: her books were considered unsuitable for contemporary taste (principally, it seems, because she was not an American) and she resigned herself to an enforced but not ignoble silence. She contracted breast cancer in 1971, and suffered a stroke three years later. It was not until 1977, when her fiction was praised in the *TLS* by Philip Larkin and Lord David Cecil, that she enjoyed a second spring; everyone discovered that they had liked her novels all along (including the publishers who had rejected them) and she quickly became something of a cult – a cult which has, of course, attracted even more votaries since her death in 1980.

This, then, is the bare life as it is recorded in somewhat unappetizing form in this volume. It was not an existence full of incident, and the blandness of its presentation here would certainly not excite much curiosity – if it were not for the fact that another Barbara Pym emerges from these pages almost by accident. Sometimes her diary style is that of a female Pooter, although on occasions her informal meanderings take on the characteristics of her fiction and capture the weariness of life full blast: "We have no rights, said Barbara in a dull, flat voice." But her apparent ordinariness is rendered interesting principally because it is combined with extreme oddness: in her more exuberant moments she called herself "Sandra" and embroidered cushions with that name; she "tailed" people who intrigued her; and there is a remarkable correspondence which follows the shock of Henry Harvey's desertion. At the age of twenty-seven, in letters to her friends, she begins to create the character of "Miss Pym": "But this spinster, this Barbara Mary Crampton Pym, she will be smiling to herself – ha ha ha she will be saying inside. *But I have that within me which passeth show* . . . she is a queer old horse, this old brown spinster . . . all shut up like oyster or like clam." One gets the impression of some malevolent old party, with a gleam in its eyes, whispering slightly malicious things under its breath as it rocks in its chair.

The real Miss Pym was never quite as bad as that, of course, but there is no doubt that her spinster's role was a defensive one; by turning love into something resembling "woollen combinations", she was able to deal with the pain of its loss. And yet, more interestingly, it was only by creating such a character that she was able to find and to marshal her material – at once she had discovered the "tone" with which she

could explain and dominate the world. It almost seems, in fact, that the rest of her life was devoted to preserving and confirming "this old brown spinster" – her unsatisfactory love affairs run almost too true to form to be entirely fortuitous. She is digging into her new identity, as you might "dig in" under fire.

In her novels, also, the central figure is characteristically and self-consciously unattractive, unimportant, boring, fit only to be a *confidante*. And if a novel such as *Excellent Women* has a flaw, it is that this insistently thin and grey note finds its echo in all those figures bustling from church fête to sherry party and then back again. The characters (one thinks) are being destroyed by their circumstances, and yet surely they enjoy being so destroyed? The cards are always stacked against women like Belinda and Mildred, but sometimes one tires of seeing those cards laid out like a more than usually protracted game of patience. And this is the problem with "Miss Pym" as a creation: for it is almost as if the deliberate invention of herself spills over into the novels and so on occasion renders them heavy-handed.

That she was thus deliberate is made quite clear in this book itself, which displays her highly developed self-consciousness. "A real B. Pym situation" she will exclaim about some small piece of business; "Keep that and quote it in my biography," young man from the University of Texas" she writes in a letter long before her fame was by any means assured; and in 1941 she addresses "you (Gentle Reader in the Bodleian) . . .", suggesting that even in her notebooks (which were indeed deposited in that library) her attempt at self-definition was spurred on by the presence of a putative audience. "It is better to be dramatic than just a lonely spinster," she once wrote, "though it comes to the same thing in the end."

It is this ability, or need, to dramatize herself which gives that peculiar flavour to her writing, in which intimacy and detachment are subtly commingled, in which the banality of self-identification and the brilliance of her thoroughly cold gaze are dissembled in comedy. This volume only gives fitful intimations of the real Miss Pym, who does not stare out of the jolly photographs and who is not found in the merciless chit-chat about cats or clothes – "black blouse (C & A £4.90)". It may not even be the Miss Pym whom her admirers care to see, and yet it is always there. Within this unwieldy mass of letters and documents, the dominant image is of a single-minded, almost obsessive, woman. It has often been remarked that her material remains much the same from book to book, but that is because this material formed not only her fiction but also the carapace which she placed around herself, and which will be remembered long after her "life" has been forgotten.

on young and tender natures. Always prone to the purple passages of self-indulgence, he was, in spite of the sense of proportion that emerges from his writing, thrown into an excess of self-pity by his wife's death. "This book is a highly interesting example of how the creative act can purge the soul of past trauma. Mrs Garnett tells us that, though short, the book took her seven years to write. "To a professional author this must seem ridiculous, but to me it represents nothing so much as an emergence from the dark into the light." Whatever encounters Angelica Garnett may or may not have had with psychiatrists, my guess is that writing this book has been a piece of self-analysis which no professional could match.

Virginia Woolf's Literary Sources and Allusions: A guide to the essays by Elizabeth Steele, published by Garland, 136 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 (375pp. \$39.00 \$240 9169 8) is organized alphabetically and includes an index of authors and titles. In it are described the bibliographical background as well as the allusions contained in Woolf's collected essays. In her foreword Miss Steele tells us that in considering "the factor that went into the making of the collected essays" she was able to study some sixty-six collections of Woolf's reading notes at Mopps House, the University of Sussex, and in the New York Public Library.

The safety-net of friendship

Anthony Storr

ANGELICA GARNETT
Deceived with Kindness: A Bloomsbury childhood
181pp. Chatto and Windus. £9.95.
07011 2821 6

One's heart may sink at the thought of yet another book about Bloomsbury, but this is a very interesting one. It is, as the author admits, a therapeutic exercise; an attempt "to describe my own ghosts, and, in doing so, to exorcise them".

Angelica Garnett was born on Christmas Day, 1918, to Vanessa Bell. Ostensibly the daughter of Clive Bell, Vanessa's husband, she was in fact fathered by Duncan Grant. It was not until after the death of Julian Bell, Vanessa's elder son, during the Spanish Civil War, that Vanessa told her who her father really was. The revelation came as no surprise; in spite of the fact that Duncan Grant was predominantly homosexual. Years before, a friend at school had suggested that Angelica was Duncan's daughter, and "a flash of clairvoyance told me that she was right". Although Angelica maintained good relations with both of her "fathers", neither of them ever gave her what she really wanted. Perhaps it was this lack which later led to her love affair with, and

marriage to, David Garnett, who was not only her senior by a quarter of a century, but who had also, for several years, been the homosexual lover of her true father. It is not surprising that, in spite of the birth of four daughters, the Garnett marriage did not survive: the same insecurity which led to her choice of a father-figure as a husband, left her still tied to her mother and father and unable to commit herself fully to someone else.

The more we learn about Bloomsbury, the more it emerges as an incestuous, bisexual potpourri: Angelica Garnett was clearly its emotional casualty. In a closed society in which the cardinal sin is to obstruct the needs of friends for emotional fulfilment, whether or not that fulfilment is sought with one's own lover of the moment, love takes second place to friendship, and in fact becomes devalued or impossible. We are told that *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* was "a Bloomsbury favourite", and, as such, presented by Clive Bell to his putative daughter. But there is a sense in which Bloomsbury liaisons were not dangerous enough. The safety-net of "friendship", the attempt to suppress jealousy and hurt, prevented more than passing sexual commitment, without which love is pallidly incomplete.

A secondary effect of this attitude is an absence of the ordinary exchanges of physical affection between parents and children. Devaluing passion is apt to devalue the physical in

all its aspects, and Angelica Garnett's perception that lack of physical affection between Duncan Grant and Vanessa Bell, and, as she believed, between Virginia and Leonard Woolf, had something to do with delaying her own sexual maturation is surely accurate. She writes of Virginia Woolf, "I could imagine her in bed with no one, in spite of her obvious femininity . . . Virginia remained a virgin, bony creature, stalking her way through life, like a giraffe." Vanessa, on the other hand, is painted as an Earth Goddess, maternally protective of Duncan Grant, masochistically sacrificing her own sexual needs which, after 1918, he said he could no longer fulfil; a provider of food and comfort; acutely aware of the visual world, but by no means an intellectual. She emerges as by far the most important and equivocal figure in the book, and it is not surprising that her daughter Angelica found it difficult to emancipate herself from the emotional hold which her mother had upon her.

Bloomsbury is often painted as a self-regarding, self-indulgent, intellectually snobbish society, but the damage which its artificiality and alienation from ordinary emotions could inflict upon a growing child has not before been portrayed with such perceptive accuracy. Many of Mrs Garnett's vignettes are amusing; as when, for example, she writes of Leslie Stephen, "with his unbalanced image of jump self, he had little idea of the effect he produced

The unfinished cathedral

Keith Hanley

KENNETH R. JOHNSTON
Wordsworth and The Recluse
397pp. Yale University Press. £22.50.
0300 031084

Wordsworth's philosophical masterwork, *The Recluse or views of Nature, Man, and Society*, is the great non-event of English Romanticism. On and off from 1797 to the 1830s he compelled himself to sustain an enterprise which had originally been conceived by Coleridge from Wordsworth's early meditative blank verse: "to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy . . . and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation".

As Coleridge's brain-child, it was to follow his characteristic fate of unfulfilment. Only one of the planned three parts was ever published - *The Excursion*, 1814 - and all that was officially produced besides was a "Prospectus" included in the preface to that poem and a fragment of about 1,000 lines incorporating the "Prospectus" - "Home at Grasmere" - for which, uniquely among Wordsworth's major manuscript remains, he left no instructions regarding posthumous publication. Battered by family and friends, he came to feel he had defaulted on his patrons and on his drowned brother, who had invested their hope in this crowning achievement, drawn up in imprecise but irrevocably Coleridgean terms.

The arrangement for developing the poem's "authority" - that Coleridge should provide the system while Wordsworth vented the creative afflatus - was always a non-starter, since

each party needed the other's contribution to begin in earnest. Coleridge was in process of inventing a theory of the creative imagination (partly from his diagnosis of Wordsworth's poetry) at the same time as Wordsworth was supposed to be enacting it. When Coleridge eventually produced his formulation in chapter XIII of *Biographia Literaria*, 1817, Wordsworth had long given up the millennial imagination that Coleridge required, concerned increasingly with an application to established social and cultural institutions.

Why Wordsworth could not appreciate that the poem had become not so much "beyond his powers" (his last word on the subject) as simply foreign to them is bound up with his sense of lost as well as broken promise - of the impossible fusion of individual spontaneity and communal responsibility. As Kenneth R. Johnston demonstrates in this masterly and absorbing study, Wordsworth's personal synthesis of the triad of nature, man and society was marked from the start by a conscientious compulsion towards the socialization of his imaginative experience. Johnston's pursuit of Wordsworth's progressive attempts to resolve his characteristic tension is a fascinating contribution to the poet's critical biography, showing how "The Recluse" made Wordsworth the poet he is, even though he could not make *The Recluse*.

If he did not make *The Recluse*, he did make a lot of poetry in the endeavour. Several scholars, notably J. S. Lyon, John Finch, James Butler and Beth Darlington, have associated substantial drafts and fragments with the project which Wordsworth left unpublished or which came out as separate minor poems. In his Preface to *The Excursion* Wordsworth generalized the scheme into the structure of his entire corpus when he described the

relationship between the "preparatory poem" - *The Prelude* - and the design of *The Recluse* as that between an "ante-chapel" and "the body of a gothic church" with his "minor Pieces" as "the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices". For Johnston the concept is generative as well as organizational and ramifies throughout the cumulative stages of drafts and versions of the same poems. He sees the project as the "motivational context for almost all his greatest poetry", and his primary argument is that "The Recluse" exists, not as a localized idiom, but as a coherent though incomplete body of inter-related texts, comprising twenty thousand lines of poetry susceptible of constructive reading.

Because Johnston is seeking to avoid the poet's later shapings and dismissal of his texts he focuses on those produced up to 1815, and so does not discuss late works which Wordsworth indicated as conscious displacements of the intended programme, such as the sonnet sequences or "On the Power of Sound". Nor does he consider earlier cognate poems like "Michael", "The Brothers" and "The River Duddon", but fixes instead on textual groupings which most clearly describe a three-part pattern, constituting an approximation to Coleridge's "redemptive process".

This pattern entails the movement from a frustrated start, through a recoil to self-examination, to a homecoming to a conceptual "residence", which contains the contradiction between self and society and thus enables Wordsworth to complete a portion of his task. The movement is itself repeated three times: "The First Recluse" ("The Ruined Cottage"), "The Old Cumberland Beggar", "The Discharged Veteran" and "A Night-Piece" and the two-part *Prelude*, 1797-99; in "Home at

Grasmere" and the main composition of *The Prelude*, 1800-06; and in "The Tug of War", "To the Clouds", "St Paul's", and *The Excursion*, Books 11-1X, 1808-14. Johnston's aim is to reveal the poetry freed from the imposed structures by which Wordsworth formally completed, published or chose to ignore moot workings, as he became a culturally assimilated institution. Such optional readings are likely to figure increasingly in Wordsworth criticism as the manuscript sightings of Cornell editions become generally familiar, and the available reorientation is already implicit in the criticism and editorial work of Jonathan Wordsworth and Stephen Gill. Johnston adopts a formalist approach, employing a cocktail of interpretative methods - psychoanalytic, structuralist, deconstructionist and phenomenological - to define the determinants of his coherence as both individual and external. His refusal to solve or belittle Wordsworth's characteristic dilemma by systematizing either term reveals its candid and humane continuity up to 1815 as more than a failure to dramatize Coleridge's theory or a wholesale surrender to church and state.

Johnston is consequently interested in underplaying the psychological and social forces which differentiate the consecutive "residences" and which register the attenuation of the importance of the unconscious in the passage from meditation on a ruined stage to the monumental assurance of the Pastor's paragon and Rydal Hall. But if Johnston had an undeniable point in claiming that the pedestrianism of *The Excursion* would "do" for a masterwork, Johnston has identified a vaster coherence which, more and more, may be felt to do very well instead.

The Penetralia of myth

Iain McGilchrist

PAUL A. CANTOR
Creature and Creator: Myth-making and English Romanticism
223pp. Cambridge University Press. £19.50.
0521 25831 6

There are only a certain number of myths grand enough and powerful enough to image the human condition. Of these the myth of the Fall is the grandest and the most powerful. If you are so inclined you can see its form in many of the greatest works of art in many cultures. Indeed once you begin to think in this way, you can find, as M.H. Abrams did in *Natural Supernaturalism*, that a whole literary movement as rich and diverse as International Romanticism may be reduced to a few images from the Bible.

Thus in choosing the Fall as means of drawing together the works of several Romantic writers, Paul A. Cantor risked saying little and nothing new. Since he interprets "Fall" to include Satan's fall from heaven as well as its consequences for mankind in the garden of Eden; and opens the discussion still further by treating the whole idea of creature and creator which furnishes his title, it may seem surprising that the result makes rewarding reading.

Cantor begins, again unpromisingly, from Rousseau. The topic of Rousseau and Romanticism, overworked as it is, prompts him to reflect on the contrast between Rousseau's interest in changing human society and his powerfully conservative view of man's inner life. For Rousseau the nature of man is essentially imperfect, paradise unredeemed and ungainable; moreover the nature of the artist leads him away even from the sphere of social existence, to isolation, meditation, leisure.

The first question about a non-Christian Fall is, can damage be repaired? That it could not is the theme of the Old Testament, that it can the theme of the New - Cantor sometimes seems to lump the two together, and suggest that all pre-Romantic Falls were sorted out by the powers that be, to man's advantage. Cantor's subjects are Blake, Shelley, Mary Shelley, Byron and Keats, and of these only Shelley, in the *Prometheus Unbound*, suggests that the fall is reversible. He alone is thinking of a social or political context. The heroism and naivety of the work contrast with *The Triumph*

of Life, whose pessimism derives from inner rather than outer conflicts. Yeats's remark that out of our quarrels with others we make rhetoric, and out of our quarrels with ourselves poetry, is certainly vindicated in this.

For Blake external events become conflated with inner conflicts; and internal dramas - for example, his reading of Ezekiel - come to life in the external world, where the prophet is an old man sitting in a tree in Peckham Rye. Similarly Blake's tales of tyrant-creators for whom reason must trample on intuition have an obvious meaning for both the inner and outer, spiritual and social, lives of men. Yet only Blake and Shelley divide their universe in this way into good and bad. "In searching for what distinguishes the poetic character, Keats singles out a peculiar susceptibility to running contradictory emotions together". Keats's often expressed belief that suffering and wisdom grow out of each other casts doubt on the perfectionist myth. For him, as for Byron and Mary Shelley, and indeed for Blake in the end (a character such as Urizen becomes increasingly ambiguous), this gnosticism, as Cantor calls it, is too simple-minded. Falling and rising are movements on a wheel. If Satan fell for nine days and nights through space, that space was curved.

The subject of the title is treated in the book's best chapter, on *Frankenstein*. Cantor delicately unravels the complex twining of creature and creator in both Victor Frankenstein and the monster, a complexity which is perhaps part of the popular confusion about the identity of "Frankenstein". Here again the abuse of reason is embodied in the figure of the tyrant-creator. It is not enough that Victor Frankenstein leaves his bride-to-be and cloisters himself in a mountain fastness to pursue his researches, isolated from the society of all those who make demands on his feelings as a human being. The actual place of his labours is not, as Gothic convention would dictate, in some dungeon or underground cavern, but "in a solitary chamber, or rather cell, at the top of my home, and separated from all the other apartments by a gallery and staircase". From this cerebral fortress he is compelled by his own creation to descend, to the world of living complexities he has not made and which he cannot control, where he is destroyed. It is said that part of Shelley himself is in his wife's portrayal, and there would be justice in that.

Thinking on the page

Lachlan Mackinnon

PHILIP DAVIS
Memory and Writing: From Wordsworth to Lawrence
511pp. Liverpool University Press. £18.50.
08523 4248

A critic who can write of failure that "such accounts as Haydon's are, in the worst sense, just words, all words, the vilest little thing that humans use language for" is bracingly unusual. Philip Davis's subject is how a writer's memory both informs and may be ordered by writing, and he argues that this relationship changed between Wordsworth and Lawrence in ways related to literary history more broadly.

What he offers can be read as a history of literary selfhood, and as such is extremely interesting, if rather a sketch than a complete picture. The most impressive part of the book is the treatment of Wordsworth, who "is sometimes able to 'do' his thinking, on the page in the instant of the right word, and think about it as well". Davis follows Wordsworth by exemplary close reading, and shows how repetition and anticipation bind the poetry together and thus confirm the identity of its maker. This confidence in the power of writing is lost in the Victorian period, Davis argues, when a misgiving about its utility marginalizes the writer, "as if the emotional aspirations of Romanticism were both denied by reality and also denied the right to lament the fact".

This cramping is examined in a number of prose writers, most interestingly in a long comparison of George Eliot and Mrs Oliphant which exemplifies Davis's ear for the human note in writing. The passage on Lawrence is the least suggestive in the book, which could as well have ended with Hardy's use of memory in poetry. We are invited to think, of Hardy facing Emma's death, that "the man most eligible to make literary tragedy feels precisely on those grounds of professional eligibility, of all life being potential grist to his literary mill, a massive, hubristic compunction". Davis feels his way into his subjects by such imaginative empathy.

There is, then, much to admire in this book. In one way, it is solidly old-fashioned: Davis makes much of R. H. Hutton as a critic of Wordsworth, and has a nineteenth-century

ease about moving between life and art which implies a bold contemporary theoretical assertion. The effect of his approach is to turn literature into a long conversation and to show almost naively its importance to us. Davis has the sense of community on which culture depends.

He writes, though, with an increasingly obvious clumsiness. The sense of his sentences too often obscured by curious word-order: there are occasional grammatical lapses and an alarming number of misprints. The simplicity of his prose suggests a more dogmatic approach than is overtly admitted. There is more to Tennyson than "defeated Keatsism", and in *Memoriam* should clearly have received some detailed consideration. Similarly, Davis makes so much of Wordsworth's Burns's grave that one regrets the absence of "The Scholar-Gypsy" and "Thyrsis" for comparison. His approach is less inclusive than claimed, and sometimes wrongheaded - he completely misrepresents Hardy's "The Oxen", for example.

The problems are clearest when he quotes Yeats's "I write it out in verse" from "Easter 1916", arguing that "the act of naming seemed once both a strong and a frail act". Indeed on the paradox of the living hand immortalizing the lately dead is intensely evident in this line, which joins frailty and permanence in a way which actually wrote was "I write it out in a verse" (my italics). Davis's version deadens Yeats's metrical variation, which is worrying enough, but it also gets Yeats exactly wrong. Yeats does not evince a collusive intimacy in which he participate, but an almost disdainful distance from his art which stresses artifice and not human paradox. The difference between "verse" and "a verse" is one between two kinds of self-consciousness, and Davis shows little respect for conscious mastery of art in favour of that experience. "I write it out in verse" is a voice drops, leadenly metrical but irresistibly halting. "I write it out in a verse" is the different swing of the poet turning history to his purposes proposes a very different, far more tentative use of memory. Davis's book is a late and dismays, but the final view of literature as sustenance, but not literature, is too homely for comfort. We are offered a redemptive strangeness.

Revenants without refuge

Brian Aldiss

R. C. FINUCANE
Appearances of the Dead: A cultural history of ghosts
232pp. Junction Books. £13.50 (paperback, £6.50).
086245 043 8

Ghosts do not enjoy a good reputation. They are unreliable, irregular, anti-social, uncommunicative and inclined to be noisy - all habits they share with today's teenagers, if legend is to be believed. But time was when they behaved otherwise. In Homer, the importance of being alive may have borne a direct relationship to the feebleness of the ghosts. When Odysseus summons up Achilles, the latter confesses he would rather be a serf than rule over all the dead. At least the Homeric shades speak up eloquently when summoned to the sacrifice trench; the trouble is that too many of them arrive - the tribes of the dead in their tens of thousands - giving eerie cries. Odysseus makes his apologies and leaves.

Things change considerably in the spirit world by the time of Periclean Athens. The dead are no longer summoned like servants. They confront the living; they demand and threaten; even worse, they give advice. This development coincides with a belief in the continued existence of the dead down inside the grave. Or so claims R. C. Finucane, the Chism Visiting Professor in Humanities at the University of Puget Sound, in this social history of hauntings, while admitting that information is scarce concerning the classical period - adding, in a characteristic aside, that classical scholars are "by tradition a grumpy lot anyway".

In early Christian times, the theologians of the Church had to combat paganism while offering attractive alternative doctrines. St Augustine - here called "the famous Augustine" - complained about drunken parties and feasts held at gravesides. Nor were Christians

supposed to pay for any ghostly ferrymen, as the Greeks had done, putting coins in the mouths of the dead. By the fourth century those about to die partook of the Eucharist instead. The early Christians believed in the imminent return of Christ, bringing the resurrection, the Day of Judgment and - here doctrine was uncertain - the Millennium. As these dread occurrences underwent continued postponement, the state of the souls in the queue for redemption became a subject of increasing interest. There followed a gradual elaboration of post-mortem torments by Christian theologians. The glories of Heaven, easily visualized as being temperate and perhaps a little damp, like a Summit Elsteadford, excited fewer powers of invention than did Hell, which was overheated, smelly and contained promising lakes of pus and blood.

By the Middle Ages, demons were on the scene, and the greening of Purgatory well under way, as a kind of gymnasium in which the righteous were parked to await resurrection while their less worthy brothers and sisters were already involved in the flame treatment. Sometimes Purgatory was known as Abraham's Bosom; but, wherever that might be, those who sojourned there knew nothing of what was going on in the mortal plane. Martyrs could return to Earth; *hoi polloi* not.

The holy dead returned to bestow benefits - perhaps to heal sickness - but also for two reasons which became an increasing priority for ghostly visitants over the centuries, to request proper burial for their bones, and to help sort out murder investigations. Thus, a fourteenth-century monk was accused of murder and taken to the victim's grave by a saint who ordered the dead to declare whether or not the monk was guilty. A subterranean voice declared the monk innocent, without, however, naming the murderer. Spirits were later to become more vengeful.

Generally speaking, in this early period the Church played down miracles and similar phenomena, perhaps to avoid associations

with paganism. Finucane points to the way the spiritual atmosphere changed when Christianity encountered Germanic and Celtic peoples, north of the Mediterranean. The missionaries then emphasized the supernatural to attract their rude converts. With the more precise mapping of Purgatory, two-way traffic between living and dead increased. Ghosts, smoking and reeking, came back to testify to the reality of Purgatory and the value of prayer. They helped to establish the Church and vouch for the existence of the afterlife.

The development of terrestrial geography encouraged a clearer charting of other realms. Hell was in the middle of the Earth, the pips of the rotten apple. Limbo was above it, with Purgatory above that, with Heaven above Earth and clouds, rather like a shadowy imitation of the Ptolemaic system. By the late fourteenth century, the doctrine of Purgatory was showing a profit in the form of indulgences, which one could purchase to benefit oneself or the dead. Ghosts appeared to testify to the need to atone for sin while still alive. It was scarcely in the Church's interest to suppress such stories; though the monks were often the frightened as well as the frighteners. In medieval times, nearly half the apparitions and two-thirds of their percipients were members of the clergy, according to the Byland collection of such tales. Three-quarters of the percipients knew the identity of the shade which confronted them. This contrasts noticeably with the present day; revenants are almost strangers now. The world is so much bigger, so many graves are nameless.

With the Reformation, the Council of Trent reaffirmed the existence of Purgatory. For Protestants, there was officially no Purgatory, and ghosts were therefore likelier to be demons, which made them more sinister. At the same time, other forces were at work in society. Not everyone took apparitions seriously. There is some evidence that "common folk" whiled away the long evenings scaring one another with spooky stories. The birth of electricity

probably spelt the death of the ghost. John Aubrey records a surreal spook which would not say whether it was good or bad, but disappeared "with a curious Perfume and a melodious Twang". It was but a step to the flying saucer.

The ghost since Victorian times, despite lurid reports, is a mere shade of its former self, although - such is the progress of feminism - there are now more female ghosts, appearing to more female victims. Atheism and spiritualism crossed the threshold; ectoplasm had its day. Borley Rectory closed its doors. Ghosts have become displaced persons, bereft not only of Purgatory but of other refuges as well. No wonder they confine themselves in the main to making poltergeisty noises. They are, after all, no more than a creaking floorboard in the brain.

The book would have been more amusing and alarming had "literary" ghosts been included, or ghosts from distant parts of the globe, angry Japanese shades, sly Chinese ones, stinking ones from the Pacific. But Finucane's purpose is less to amuse and alarm than to track a phantom history of belief. Although the going is heavy at times, one is left with renewed astonishment at mankind's ability to invent life - or quasi-life - anywhere on, off, or in Earth.

The fourth volume in the Garland Folklore Casebooks series (general editor Alan Dundes) is *Oedipus* edited by Lowell Edmunds (266pp. Garland. \$40. 0 8240 9242 2). This brings together nineteen articles, almost all reprinted from relatively inaccessible periodicals (some in English translation), dealing with the Oedipus tale type and stories with an Oedipal theme. The latter are cited from as far afield as Bushman or Papuan folklore, but the Oedipus myth in its basic elements is also here discussed in articles both ethnological and psychological. Authors drawn on include Frazer and A. W. Southall among anthropologists, Freud and George Devereux among psychoanalysts.

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Roaring girls

David Nokes

ELLEN GOLFORD
Moll Cutpurse: Her true history
221pp. Stramullion. Distributed by Scottish
and Northern Book Distribution Co-operative
Ltd. 48A, Hamilton Place, Edinburgh EH3
5AX. Paperback, £4.50.
0907343031

She who controls the past controls the future. In 1984 women are seizing enthusiastically on Orwell's dictum, rediscovering a specifically female history not only in the works of neglected women writers, but in the lives of female characters formerly relegated to the sub-plot of history in the narratives of men. *Moll Cutpurse* purports to be the "true", that is fictional, history of Moll Cutpurse, alias Moll Frith, a real woman born in London in the 1580s. In a historical note Ellen Galford explains that the real Moll Frith was "from her earliest years a tomboy, who would have nothing to do with the toys and pursuits deemed appropriate for little girls". Addicted to tobacco and men's clothing, she was sentenced to perform a public penance for her sins and celebrated by Middleton and Dekker in their play *The Roaring Girl*.

But Ms Galford aims to rescue Moll's reputation from "the fabrications of men". She recreates the exploits of this pioneer in the cause of female liberation and lesbianism in a novel, published by a Scottish-based feminist collective, which is primarily a piece of feminist polemic and only secondarily a work of fiction. Although set in "the teeming world of Shakespeare's London", Galford's novel clearly has the contemporary world and contemporary issues in its sights. The language of the book is sprinkled with a light covering of period terms, and her underworld is peopled by "nips", "foists", "drummers", "morts" and "doxies" who owe their origins only too obviously to the copulation of glossaries with cant dictionaries. But the style and idioms of the book are resolutely modern. There is none of the authentic colloquial vigour or metaphorical excitement of Nashe in this prose. On the contrary, the characters speak a curious form of Women's Group Oldspeak. Moll's harangue to Middleton is typical.

It seems to me that wives to their husbands are at worst slaves, at best whores. . . . They merely rent out their private lives to be filled and seeded on a longer hire. And if they wish their fee - that is, their keep and credit - they must yield up their obedience along with their bodies.

The book is a form of comic picaresque in which the roaring girls Moll and her lover Bridget travel the country picking pockets, telling fortunes, selling herbal remedies and, above all, outwitting men wherever they go. The men they meet come from all classes and occupations. There are Puritans, playwrights, gypsies, actors, farmers, noblemen, husbands and shopkeepers; but whatever their condition, they all share certain common characteristics. All are selfish, aggressive, boorish, hypocritical and vain. For example, one Sunday the girls encounter a Puritan whose little daughter has broken her arm in a fall from a window as a result of leaning out to watch a dancing bear in the street below. While Moll and Bridget busy themselves washing and setting the child's arm, the father vents himself in bullying tirades. "You Jezabell! he screamed at the quivering infant, shaking his fist. 'You wanton! scarlet! jade! Know ye the well-deserved punishments the Lord metes out to Sabbath-breakers.' " (and so on for several pages).

Prime examples of masculine vanity and selfishness are those notorious male chauvinists Will Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. One day Moll and Bridget happen to meet Shakespeare's sister Judith, who tells a long and tale of her attempts to be accepted as a writer. How she had been ridiculed by her family, deceived and seduced by an actor called Nick, bullied, battered, robbed and insulted by a succession of men. Does any of this sound familiar? It certainly should. Little sister Judith comes with the best feminist pedigree from the pages of *A Room of One's Own*. But Galford dramatizes Woolf's conjecture in the crudest terms. When finally Judith runs to her brother for support, she asks "why the freedom he'd claimed for himself in leaving Stratford

couldn't also belong to me. His only answer was to slap my face, pull my hair, and drag me off to find a carrier who would send me home in a wagon." Similarly Ben Jonson is said to be "but a pale shadow of his mother when it comes to spinning a tale", but of course his poor mum is too busy washing clothes and cooking dinners to have any time for writing. Beneath every great man is a woman whose own greatness has been trampled down, at worst to slavery, at best to whoredom.

Even the transition from Elizabethan to Jacobean is interpreted in sexist terms. Elizabeth is made to embody all the female virtues of warmth and generosity, while James introduces a male era of "sour looks and pious platitudes". Indeed the book offers a series of idealized images of gynaeocracy at all levels of society. The gypsy queen "whose bright black eyes glittered in a face gnarled like the shell of a walnut" presides over her own happy tribe, dispensing folk wisdom and herbal remedies. Bridget's Aunt is another benign matriarch who "loved and understood the earth she lived on, and knew the name and powers of every weed, every tree, every mushroom". There are several proto-Greenham Common scenes with communities of peace-loving women sitting huddled round their camp-fires, passing round the magic mushrooms and telling tales of the brutalities of men. Moll's own story is an object-lesson in female consciousness-raising. At the start of the book the only remedy for her dissatisfactions that she can envisage is to try to become a man. By the end she has recognized the superiority of her own sex and has become "a female Solomon" counselling the younger members of the sisterhood in the joys of lesbianism. A certain amount of propagandist exaggeration and distortion is inevitable in any radical movement, but the cause of feminist literature and the serious investigation of women's history will not be assisted by such crude attempts at myth-making as this.

Posthumous America

John Clute

THOMAS M. DISCH
The Businessman: A tale of terror
292pp. Cape. £8.95.
0224 022040

The work of Thomas M. Disch has never easily found a home in the land of his birth, and *The Businessman*, his twelfth novel, may well seem as opaque to his fellow Americans as did *334* or *On Wings of Song*, both first published in England. Disch is an ironist in a culture which tends to treat irony as suspect, frivolous, metropolitan. *The Businessman* is the most sustained insult he has yet aimed, from his long internal exile in Manhattan, at that culture.

It is set in the desolate wastelands of suburban Minneapolis, with a short excursion to Las Vegas, where Bob Glandier's wife has fled after seeing in a mystical vision that he will murder her the next time they meet. A year later he finds her there, and strangles her because she left him. She has had an appointment in Samarra. At this point the main action of the novel commences. It is a ghost story.

Coming to restricted consciousness in her grave, Giselle gradually realizes that she has no choice but to haunt her appalling husband until justice is done. Like a further and more terrible suburb of Minneapolis, the afterlife is full of wearying conventions and rules, many of them promulgated by Adah Menken, a dreadful nineteenth-century actress and verifier who has been left in charge of these first stages of the spirit life. Heaven comes rather later.

Recruits are soon made to the Minneapolis of the dead. Giselle accidentally frightens her cancer-ridden mother to death, and both are joined by the maimed but jocular spirit of John Berryman, who committed suicide eight years earlier and who has been blocked from ascending to a higher state because Adah Menken is envious of his poetry. Having been pregnant when she was murdered, Giselle soon gives birth in great pain to a ghost child of Satan, which commits several ghastly murders in its attempts to save Glandier from the terrors of retribution.

No Kirsch, we're British

David Profumo

A. L. BARKER
Relative Successes
192pp. Chatto and Windus/The Hogarth Press.
£8.95.
07011 28399

If A. L. Barker is sometimes described as "a writer's writer", her fiction admired by the few but not perhaps read by the many, it may well be because her novels to date have seldom enjoyed plots as enthralling and quirky as those that have made her short stories so distinctive. There has also been a persistent earnestness in her style that has made the novels more difficult - her last, *A Heavy Feather* (1978), was frankly heavy going. With the appearance of *Relative Successes*, though, she ought to reach that wider readership. The structure may leave something to be desired, but there is in its relaxed prose and succinct ironies a sense of freshness that makes it her most enjoyable work since the earlier satires of circumstance from the 1960s.

The story gets off to a snappy start. A senior business executive on the brink of retirement, James Jessel pays his habitual visit one evening to the home of his old friend Waldo Klein, only to find him missing and his lumpish wife Daisy blurred with drink and unconcerned about his disappearance. Jessel turns uncomfortable detective. It transpires that fifty years earlier the teenage Waldo had invited Jessel to spend his holidays at La Bigorne, a ramshackle farmhouse in the Midi, in the company of his feline and promiscuous Viennese mother. She duly arouses the fascination of proper young James from Dollis Hill, and so begins a life-long love-hate relationship with the son and an obsession with the memory of the mother. So, fifty years on, Jessel packs his wife Connie off on a holiday in Antibes, partly to lay these ghostly passions, and partly in the vague hope of tracking

down his friend.

In this setting, the childless Jessels, married for thirty years, begin to feel their age. Connie tries to make new friends, wondering if Waldo could have been less regular, while James Barker is here reworking with great success an earlier theme of hers, the difference between adult and adolescent visions of the world. She treats it with an acute, sometimes Lawrentian perceptiveness and an unsentimental touch.

The trouble is that three-quarters of the way through the book we lose sight of the plot, tracing of fugitive Waldo. At their hotel the Jessels meet up with an unusual Northern couple - Madge Brent, a lying kleptomaniac, and her petulant younger husband Leslie. As the two couples size each other up and their varying backgrounds emerge, the whole story begins to lose direction. An awkward change occurs in the action, whereby much of a subsequently seen from Leslie's point of view. The book seems to run out of wind after this and wobbles off to a disappointing close.

There are two aspects of the novel, however, that are supremely well done. The first is the way in which Barker evokes the atmosphere and the scenery of the Cap d'Antibes. There is also the central character of Jessel, an imaginative achievement of the highest order. Once encountered, he will not go away; terrible English, he is suddenly to be glimpsed everywhere. Jessel is physically fussy, the sort of man who sniffs, dries each finger individually, regards every foreign driver as reprehensibly careless, and detests the sun. He complains there is Kirsch on his melon. His own peace once failed to recognize him in the Strand. His fastidious speech is one of the best things in the book, and the flashes back to his youthful situation are all the more arresting by comparison. Even if nothing much is resolved in the end, *Relative Successes* must at least confirm A. L. Barker's reputation as one of our most adroit analysts of embarrassment and uncer-

ably at home as matron of the endless shopping malls of the true posthumous America. For Giselle, who has suffered the agonies of the damned, there is another solace. After metamorphosing into the shape of a weeping willow, she becomes pure depersonalized spirit, free to drift.

The vertigo remains, however. America remains a land of harried halfings, caught in a web of arbitrary regulations they cannot understand, but lasciviously enforce. In this vision lies the terror of *The Businessman*, not in its puric re-enactment of stock routine, these are stage props, and at times Disch takes an all-too arch pleasure in assembling them. But always the vision of America stays with us: melancholic, subversive and perfectly put.

Making it

Jill Neville

ROSA GUY
A Measure of Time
365pp. Virago. £9.95 (paperback, £3.95).
086085127

Sure ain't like none of them pity-me nigger books I ever bawled over in my sweet white life. Rosa Guy's heroine picks herself right off the dusty old floor and kicks fate back in the groin, grabbing tight hold of her hard-earned cash even during the Depression. So when some skin-fingling stud walks out she just puts a tail on him. Then he comes back crawling.

Only he wants to put her on the game. But acrobatics aren't Dorine's style; she likes her sex straight, the real old-fashioned thing. For her, home isn't home without a man in it. Which sure is strange considering Miss Dorine was raped as a child by Mister Norton, one of them white Southern gentlemen with perfect manners.

She got the hell out of Alabama and started living on her wits (boosting) in old New York. But live-talking Sonny and she have a son. So she leaves the baby with the folks in Alabama

and for ever afterwards Dorine has to send back the supporting money for one bright brother to go through college and to save her rest from destitution. Sometimes she hops in her shiny black Buick and drives Sophia to check the scene, but doesn't like the smell of singed black flesh, the evil in the air; this is strange-fruit country.

Rosa Guy's book is exceptional in that her black folk don't sing the blues about being black; they get clever. It's the good life in Harlem, before the war, when Beale Street was stealing her man and Fats Waller was boogying in the background. Dorine sets herself up in an apartment with a doorman, a chauffeur and peach satin lingerie. "I loved walking down side streets. Sporting folk and dom do. We hated to think of folks not making it. One slip, and there we'd be. Why reason ourselves?"

The novel would crackle with talent when it's five-talk was all there was, but the three second and patter suddenly open into surprising insights whenever Dorine thinks. Except for the end, where they wheel in Black Rights and you can almost hear the steely voice of a trendy editor, this is the best and liveliest book I've read about being black.

Light on the interior eye

A. J. Minnis

V. A. KOLVE
Chaucer and the Imagery of Narrative: The first five Canterbury Tales
551pp. Edward Arnold. £35.
07131 64123

This interesting and copiously illustrated book is set fair to become the standard work on the subject of the iconography or "imagery" (in the medieval sense) of Chaucerian narrative. Its central thesis is that, by concentrating too narrowly on "close reading" of medieval poems, modern critics have neglected an access to literary meaning which was generally available in the Middle Ages, wherein large and controlling images form in the mind as the narrative proceeds and determine the way in which it is remembered. In order to redress the balance, V. A. Kolve offers an introductory survey-chapter on medieval notions of imagery and imagination (this being the faculty supposed to produce phantasms or mental images), an attempt to define a Chaucerian aesthetic in terms of how images function in poems, and readings of the first five Canterbury Tales which suggest that Chaucer's narratives characteristically confirm, and are illuminated by, the general truths embodied in images which were traditional in medieval literature and the visual arts.

Many medieval writers speak not only of reading or hearing a poem but also of "seeing" it. "When one hears a tale read", declares Richard de Fournivall, "one perceives the wondrous deeds as if one were to see them taking place." Chaucer's Man of Law declares that in the *Legend of Good Women* may be "seen" certain large images: the wounds of Lucrece and Thisbe, the sword on which Dido fell, the tree on which Phylis hanged herself. According to medieval psychology, such literary images stimulated the reader's imagination and easily passed into, and were easily retained by, the memory. Because of its power of visualization, the imagination was sometimes described as the "eye" of the mind. All these points are well taken and well documented, but it should be noted that imaginative "sight" was only one of several kinds of mental vision distinguished in late-medieval thought. Scholastic philosophers spoke of the "gaze" (*aspectus*) of the intellect. Indeed, the term "mind's eye" commonly designated the intellect's activity: for example, this is what Walter Hilton meant by the "inner eye of the soul". Others postulated more elaborate visual structures. In *De oculis morali* Peter of Limoges described the process of moral perception in terms of a movement from the "carnal eye" (of sense) to the "interior eye" (of imagination) to the "mind's eye" (of reason) and finally to the

"heart's eye" (of will). This schema - which takes its point of departure from Alhazen's anatomy of the human eye - will serve to remind us how scientific fact and didactic metaphor (not to mention dead metaphor) could be elaborately intertwined. They certainly are in Langland's treatment of sight and imagery, to take an extreme case.

Then again, it would have been helpful if the epistemological status of imagination and imaginative thinking had been defined more clearly. Much is offered on the relationship between imagination and memory, but very little on that between imagination and reason and intellect - an omission of some consequence, in view of the stock medieval depiction of imagination as the handmaiden of reason. And, of course, in dream-vision theory intellectual vision was described as being far superior to imaginative vision. The question which must be posed is, how could such a relatively inferior faculty as imagination have been so important in medieval thought and aesthetics? For important it undoubtedly was.

Two major areas of inquiry may profitably be added to Professor Kolve's outline of medieval hypotheses. First, there is the role afforded to literary imagination and imagery in academic poetics. From the Arab expositors of Aristotle thirteenth-century scholars acquired a definition of poetry as imaginative speech. Hermann the German, in translating the *Poetics* as interpreted by Averroes, rendered "imitation" as "imagination". Poetry's appeal to the imagination distinguished it from rhetoric, as did the fact that, while rhetoric taught the way in which men may live with one another, poetry taught the way in which a man may live his own life. By stimulating the individual's imagination with suitable similitudes and examples, poetry influenced his moral choices and thereby achieved its didactic end; this was considered as the "logic of morality" (to use Jean Buridan's term). Hence, an anonymous *questio* on the nature of poetry affirms that Aristotle defined it as "poetic discourse or poetic logic rooted in the imagination" because "every man has most trust in his own estimations and relies particularly on his own imaginings". There matters have been clarified considerably by G. Dahan's recent study, but they merit fuller consideration and application.

Secondly, there is the sophisticated theory of imagery (both plastic and literary) generated by late-medieval study of the Pseudo-Dionysian corpus. In view of the fact that Kolve mentions the way in which mystical writers were interested in imagery drawn from the empirical world "chiefly as a way of defining its opposite: contemplation of the highest kind, in which all images fall away", it is rather disappointing that he does not proceed to identify the medieval *locus classicus* of such thinking.

According to the theory of "anagogic" or "uplifting" imagery found in *The Celestial Hierarchies*, in Scripture poetic and imaginative representations of sacred things are employed out of deference to our limited human understanding. The mind is supposed to proceed from the sensible to the intelligible, from sacred imagery to those spiritual realities which are beyond figure and type. These ideas were highly influential, appearing in encyclopedias, preacher's handbooks, exempla collections, and works designed to encourage popular piety. This material has largely been ignored by literary critics, an honourable exception being Umberto Eco, who has put aspects of Dionysian semiotics to good use in his novel *The Name of the Rose*.

Still, Kolve's intention is to provide not a definitive account of medieval imagination and imagery but rather an iconographic reading of several Canterbury Tales, and he does this extremely well. His book's great strength lies in its richly suggestive analyses of Chaucerian narrative. In *The Knight's Tale*, imagery of the prison/garden and of the amphitheatre is said to dominate; in *The Miller's Tale*, of nature, youth and Noah's Flood; in *The Reeve's Tale*, of death-as-tapster and the horse unbridled; in *The Man of Law's Tale*, of the rudderless ship and the sea. The fragmentary *Cook's Tale* contains no major narrative image as such, so in this case pictures (mainly of cooks and of mercantile and civic life) are used to identify the tale's "voice and ethos". Throughout, popular traditions of medieval iconography are drawn on, the "more remote corridors of the *Patrologia Latina* or the mythographic treatises" being avoided. Unfortunately, this makes for problems in the case of *The Knight's Tale*, wherein a mythographic treatise, Pierre Bersuire's *Ovidius moralizans*, was the direct source for much of Chaucer's imagery relating to the pagan deities. It seems a little perverse to avoid this fact, or to imply that Bersuire's work was researched: actually, it was quite influential in the later Middle Ages and Renaissance. Moreover, while I hold no brief for the indiscriminate use of the *Patrologia*, it must be recognized that many standard glosses on the Bible were as well known as was holy writ itself. They provided the information and the inspiration for many an artist.

But these are fairly minor quibbles. *Chaucer and the Imagery of Narrative* illustrates the fact that those who profess to know only "the text" of *The Canterbury Tales* cannot know even that. Our age's interpretations of old books must always be tried and tested against the culture and icons of their age. Professor Kolve does not simply recognize the medieval integrity and vividness of Chaucerian narrative - he celebrates it. The results are salutary and satisfying.

Great, who on the death of her husband ruled Mercia, building fortifications, directing armies, striking terror into the hearts of the Vikings and master-minding an alliance of rulers in the North of England. In addition to the exercise of political authority, queens enjoyed responsibilities of great importance within the royal family, whether in the role of counsellor in the bedchamber or as the mother of the next generation; these both made them a power in the land and also laid them open to attack from enemies and rivals within and outside the court. Historical development is not evolution, and the strength and influence of royal women took a turn after the period covered by this book so as to give them different, less extensive opportunities in economic, political, military and religious affairs. Eleanor of Aquitaine, for instance, could and did work havoc within the court and her family, but as heiress of Aquitaine she had no power whatsoever.

In 200 pages, Dr Stafford has presented information and comment on it about queens at various stages of their careers. What is most lacking is quotation from the sources, of which there is virtually none; this would have given a dimension to the comment provided, and also enabled readers to form their own opinions about some of the material involved. It is nevertheless a serious work of scholarship in a neglected area.

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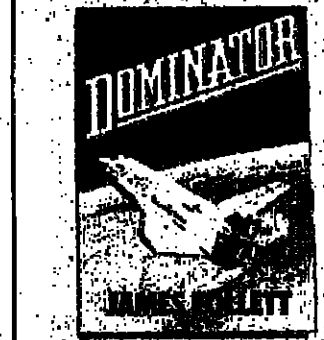
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Arthur Terry

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA
Selected Letters
Edited by David Gershator
172pp. Marion Boyars. £10.95.
0714528129

Lorca's reputation among English-speaking readers, though apparently as high as ever, has often been put at risk by indifferent translations and by lack of knowledge of the literary context in which his extraordinary talents were exercised. Good English versions of his poems and plays, unfortunately, are still rare; by now, however, even readers outside his own country are coming to recognize that Lorca, far from being an isolated figure, was one of a group of outstanding poets, including Guillén, Cernuda, Alberti and Alexandre, whose work marks one of the most brilliant phases in modern Spanish literature.

One of the merits of this selection of Lorca's letters lies in the vivid glimpses it offers of this general atmosphere of literary and artistic activity. From a biographical point of view, there is a certain fascination in watching the immature, and at times self-indulgent, Lorca of the early letters give way to the intensely practical, though less visionary, writer of the 1920s and early 30s: helping to found literary magazines, collaborating with Falla and Dali, lecturing and reciting his own verse, and eventually becoming immersed in the technicalities and day-to-day strains of theatre production. In all this, the strength of Lorca's personality and his magnetic effect on the people he knew are very evident; at the same time, what might have remained passing enthusiasms are transformed into serious artistic endeavour by his willingness to learn from other examples of excellence. Thus his own abilities as an amateur musician and devotee of Spanish folk-song were sharpened by contact with the austere genius of Falla, whose continued presence in Granada ensured that Lorca's musical experience was anything but provincial. Such an influence, like that of Dali on Lorca's drawings, ultimately feeds into the literary work, to which the letters form a useful, and at times illuminating, adjunct.

Here again, one is struck by Lorca's openness to other poetry, both past and present. As several of the letters make clear, Lorca's intuitiveness, which is often taken to be the mark of a "popular", "spontaneous" temperament, goes with a persistence and a power of empathy which account for the sheer intelligence of his reading of other poets. The outstanding example of this is his splendid lecture on one of his own masters, the seventeenth-century poet Luis de Góngora, originally delivered in 1927; another, less spectacular though equally telling, is his perceptive response to the early poems of Jorge Guillén, whose clarity and emotional power he defends against those critics who had found them over-cerebral.

Glass

He kept on dropping things. While I was there
He dropped two glasses, one bottle, tripped over my bag.
Each time a nervous smile, a slight sag
Of the shoulders, a vague look into the wild air,
Then out would come the broom. Behind the bar
The glasses trembled,
The glasses shimmered.
This place resembled
A jeweller's window, the muscular
And nervous delicacy of the timid.

To be so clumsy was embarrassing.
He looked down frequently for crumbs of glass.
And went on serving in that curious
Unsteady way of his, a wretched thing,
Enormous eared and flitted. Behind the bar
The glasses trembled,
And dissembled
In the honey-
Coloured light, displaying the muscular
And nervous delicacy of money.

GEORGES SZIRTES

The 118 letters included in this selection – the more substantial part of Lorca's published correspondence – run from 1918, when Lorca was barely twenty, to his premature death in 1936. Almost half of them date from 1926–28 – the years of the composition and publication of *Romancero gitano* and of the production of his first full-length play, *Mariana Pineda* – though several of the most interesting were written during the visit to the United States (1929–30) which was to culminate in his finest collection of poems, *Poeta en Nueva York*. Many of these letters, especially those to his fellow-poet Guillén, contain examples of work in progress, sometimes significantly different from the published versions, together with explanations and statements of intention. Some of these, like his reaction to the success of *Romancero gitano* –



"The gypsies are a theme. And nothing more. I could just as well be a poet of sewing needles and hydraulic landscapes" – have been quoted over and over again by Lorca critics, often with little understanding of their context. To read them as they occur in the course of the letters, however, and with due regard for the nature of the particular recipient, is to realize the extent to which the whole correspondence represents an attempt to create a convincing poetic identity, or rather, a sense of personal identity from which the necessary poems might follow.

For those who know and admire Lorca's work in the original, the growing complexity of this process, from the vaguely Maeterlinckian concept of "the poet" expressed in early letters to the more serious doubts which precede the composition of the New York poems, will seem a sufficient source of interest. Less practised readers, however, may feel that these letters scarcely fulfil the expectations aroused by the

blurb, which places them in the company of those of Keats and Hart Crane. It is no reflection on Lorca to say that his letters show little of the relentless self-searching of a Crane or of the heroic quest for spiritual and moral health which underlies the profound humanity of Keats's Romantic vision. What they have in abundance, however, is a sense of drama which enacts itself at the most elemental level and which reaches ultimately to the roots of the Spanish language itself. As one of Lorca's best critics, Derek Harris, has observed: "Lorca was a poet of singular intensity focused sharply on a narrow range of themes. His work is a cockpit for a struggle between life and death, love and sterility." As Harris also remarks, it is the unequal nature of this struggle which makes Lorca a tragic poet, and one of the virtues of the letters is that they allow us to see him in the act of cutting through the falsity and pretentiousness of inferior kinds of poetry in order to make himself more vulnerable to the demands of his tragic vision. Or as he writes in a letter to Guillén (September 9, 1926):

The eternal and congenial site of true poetry is love, effort and renunciation. . . . When poetry is filled with trumpets and garlands it turns the academy into a counting house. I can only tell you that I hate the organ, the lyre and the flute. I love the human voice. The solitary human voice impoverished by love and removed from landscapes that kill. The voice must detach itself from the harmonies of things and from the concert of nature in order that its single note may flow.

Though the point Lorca is making here is of great importance for his own poetry, it is hard to imagine an English or American poet speaking quite like this. Often, to be sure, his prose offers the same kind of difficulties to the translator as his poetry. Time after time in the letters he seems to be trying out images which might eventually find their place in a poem: "I'm in the country enjoying Nature and listening to the immortal crickets sharpening their little gold blades". Nevertheless, this is the kind of image one has come to expect from Lorca, and any sense of strain in the language is likely to be offset by the thought that a poet writing in English could well use a similar

image, however much the actual words might differ.

The real problem concerns more sustained passages of prose, like the one quoted above. It needs to be said at this point that the present translator could hardly have been expected to do better, and that his version is, for the most part, thoroughly reliable. Yet, even allowing for the idiosyncrasies of Lorca's way of writing, one is forced, as so often, to conclude that certain forms of expression which are convincing and natural in Spanish have no possible counterpart in contemporary English. It is difficult to say why this should be so, though one possible line of argument has recently been suggested by Donald Davie in discussing the essays of Geoffrey Hill (*London Review of Books*, June 21, 1984). Reflecting on the claim that "language cannot be innocent", Davie argues that this may be truer of some languages than of others. If British English by now is a "knowing", or even "depraved", as Hill's own practice seems to imply, the area available to authentic poetry in that language is inevitably constricted. Yet, as Davie goes on to say, if British English "cannot be in this sense 'innocent', that doesn't necessarily hold true of other languages (Russian, Mexican Spanish, American English, and so on) – a possibility which at once raises perhaps insoluble problems for translators. . . . The argument is clearly an important one, though its full implications go far beyond the scope of a short review. Even in its bare essentials, however, it serves to confirm one's feeling that even the best translations of Lorca – or, for that matter, of other modern Spanish and Latin American poets – are bound to seem unsatisfactory.

At the same time, it would be unfair to dismiss this excellently produced volume as an example of misplaced industry; on the contrary, the picture it gives of Lorca, for all its inevitable shortcomings of the prose, is both accurate and compelling, and if it persuades anyone to learn Spanish in order to encounter this remarkable poet in his own language, it will have performed an excellent service.

Writing as spirituality

J. M. Cocking

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ
Correspondance: Novembre 1897–Septembre 1898.
Edited by Henri Mondor and Lloyd James Austin
353pp. Paris: Gallimard. 195fr.
2070701166

"I'm working a bit," Mallarmé told Valéry in June 1898, "but mostly at the business of growing old." He was then only fifty-six, but he was to die suddenly in the following September, still trying to write the long-promised last sections of *Hérodiade*. He had at last set about this task in May, painfully aware of the difficulty of reaching back to the imaginative aura of a poem begun in 1864. "Don't tell anybody I'm working at it," he wrote to his daughter, "it might get round to Vollard, and he thinks I've finished it." It had been promised to Deman for a *Poésies complètes*, constantly deferred; now it was promised to Ambroise Vollard, who specialized in luxurious illustrated editions. Vollard intended to produce *Un coup de dés*, with lithographs by Odilon Redon, and *Hérodiade*, illustrated by Vuillard. The *Coup de dés* reached the proof stage, but according to Vollard's memoirs the printer, Didot, eventually threw his hand in because he thought the text was the work of a madman. The *Hérodiade* project never got off the ground, for the very good reason that the poem was never finished. After Mallarmé's death Vollard was not shown the incomplete drafts, but they were edited by Gardner Davies in 1959.

The more intimate letters of these last months of Mallarmé's life suggest weariness and discouragement, even in the poet's allusions to his familiar pleasures. The garden at Valvins is costing too much in money and effort; his ageing cat Litbit has fallen into dirty habits; there are fewer neighbours and fewer visits from the friends Mallarmé would most

like to see. In the days when he used to escape from Paris for comparatively short summers, Valvins meant freedom and a place to dream in. Now that he stays from May to November some of the magic has gone; he writes to Léopold Dauphin that Valvins has become just the place where he lives. Even the sailing boat is neglected. Vollard's advance of 200 francs starts a gentle and mostly playful tug-of-war between Mallarmé and his daughter, each quoting details of household expenses in Valvins or Paris; money is tight.

In August Mallarmé wrote terse answers to a questionnaire sent to well-known writers for a feature in *Le Figaro*. What was his ideal? Twenty? To write. Had he achieved it? Others must judge; "suffisamment, je me lue fidèle, pour que mon humble vie gardât un sens". A last hint of what Mallarmé meant by "writing" is in the letter he sent to acknowledge a translation of excerpts from Tolstoy's *What is Art*. The latter had been reported as saying that he found Mallarmé's poems quite meaningless. Mallarmé's own aesthetic creed is still firm, and firmly distinguished from Tolstoy's: "L'instinct religieux reste un moyen offert à tous de se passer de l'Art, il le contient à l'état embryonnaire et l'Art n'émane, soi-disant, que de cette influence."

The upholding of this particular faith in the spirituality of literature was what Mallarmé saw as the meaning of his own life. Others have given his life and work other meanings: as writer or theorist of literature of his century provided anything like his stimulus to writers and theorists since his day. And one chooses this volume of letters with a still vivid impression of the qualities that made Mallarmé the man so widely loved. One further volume will include about a hundred letters that have turned up since the present volume was put together in 1979, a general index and a chronological table of the complete correspondence. After which Professor Austin will perhaps have more time to enjoy the tributes he has earned by his own faithfulness to an exacting project.

Chemical complexities, physical simplicities

Jorge Calado

ALEXANDER TODD
A Time to Remember: The autobiography of a chemist
257pp. Cambridge University Press. £15.
0521255937
GUY HARTCUP and T. E. ALLIBONE
Cockcroft and the Atom
320pp. Bristol: Adam Hilger. £18.95.
0852747594

If scientific research is the "art of the soluble", then physics concerns itself with the exact workings of simple systems, and chemistry with a more approximate description of complexity. Working on a simple, usually small system (as in physics) does not guarantee that the problem remains simple, but it usually means that mathematics can be successfully applied to it. On the other hand, chemistry aims at creating a maximum degree of order with a minimum of mathematics. Hence the romantic appeal of chemistry, as opposed to the dry rationality of physics.

As a member of the legendary Rutherford team at the Cavendish in Cambridge, John Cockcroft succeeded, in 1932 (with Ernest Walton), in artificially splitting a small atom, lithium. At about the same time, in Oxford, Alexander Todd discovered, by chance, how to make 2-beta-tetra-acetyl-D-glucopyranosyl-phloroglucinolaldehyde, an essential step towards the synthesis of flower pigments. Cockcroft was, of course, a physicist, and Todd a chemist (and an organic chemist at that). These two new biographies provide some fascinating contrasts not only between the two sciences, but also between their subjects and the literary genre of biography.

The two experiments mentioned above demonstrate some of the differences that separate physics from chemistry. One is dimensional (from the smallness of a nucleus to the vastness of an organic macromolecule) and the other is energetic (the energy necessary to smash the atom is several orders of magnitude higher than that involved in the breaking up of a molecule). Energy is expensive, and high-energy physics is big science in both size and cost. It was Cockcroft who finally convinced Rutherford of the need to build the big accelerators at the Cavendish (Rutherford's reluctance was mainly due to the fact that they didn't originate there) and this biography dutifully includes the famous picture of the Cockcroft-Walton accelerator, with Walton squeezed in an almost foetal position in the womb-like cabin of the machine. (No wonder Cockcroft's mother, congratulating him on his appointment as Junior Bursar of St John's, hoped that the new responsibilities would take him "into the fresh air more instead of that dirty, stuffy, sunless lab" of his.)

The big accelerators became the emblem of the new physics, stimulated the imagination of the common man and inspired the design of films such as *Things to Come* (1936), based on Wells's novel. In a joint article written for *The Times* in 1933, Rutherford and Cockcroft could say:

Thirty years ago the most important researches in the Cavendish were carried out with sealing wax, glass and wire; a glimpse of the heavy electrical machinery, compressors, high voltage apparatus and elaborate electrical recording instruments which form part of the new Cavendish and its new offspring is sufficient to show how far we have moved from those days of simplicity.

High-energy physics has never ceased to get bigger, with the machines housed in huge subterranean, Piranesi-like cathedrals. The latest one, called LEP, now being built near the Franco-Swiss border by CERN (the European Organization for Nuclear Research), with which Cockcroft was also associated, has a perimeter of twenty-seven kilometres.

Lord Todd's domain of research has been cosier but no less revolutionary. As an organic chemist he held to Berzelius's definition of his subject as the chemistry of substances found in living matter, rather than the more encyclopaedic one, derived from Gmelin, as the chemistry of the carbon compounds. Early in his career he was thrown, almost by chance, into the vitamin field, by working with George Barger at Edinburgh. He then moved to the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine in London to

take up a Readership in Biochemistry, and there he continued his research on vitamins B1 and E and started work on the active principle of cannabis (with the result that he had to submit twenty-five reprints of each paper to the Bureau of Drugs and Indecent Publications). In 1938, at the age of thirty, he became Sir Samuel Hall Professor of Chemistry and Director of the Chemical Laboratories of the University of Manchester. Six years later he finally took the organic chemistry chair in Cambridge (after having rejected biochemistry) and assumed complete authority, as head of department, to organize and develop the University Chemical Laboratory. (As he writes elsewhere, responsibility without power never appeared to him.) He took his right-hand man from Manchester, A. R. Gilson, to Cambridge to act as Laboratory Superintendent in charge of all non-academic affairs. "Between us I like to think that we put, in turn, Manchester and Cambridge on the scientific map." This is a bit of an overstatement. Not only does it overlook the outstanding work of other scientists, even chemists, in both universities, but it is doubtful that if Manchester and Cambridge were not already on the scientific map Todd would have agreed to go there in the first place.

The chemistry of vitamins – how they work and why they are important – lies at the centre of his research. The work on co-enzymes included the synthesis of adenosine triphosphate (ATP), the substance which is involved in phosphate transfer and acts as the necessary reservoir of energy for, among others, muscular activity in animals. His research on nucleosides and nucleotides led to the setting-up of the general structure of the nucleic acids – "the base on which molecular biology and modern genetics have developed in such spectacular fashion during the past quarter of a century". By looking at some fundamental chemical processes occurring in living matter Professor Todd has been responsible, more, perhaps, than anyone else, for lifting Biochemistry from the state of muck chemistry to which the aphorism "Tierchemie ist Schmierchemie" had confined it. Such a distinguished career has been honoured by a Nobel Prize, the Presidencies of the Royal Society and IUPAC (the International Union of Pure and Applied Chemistry), a place in the House of Lords, the Order of Merit, etc.

In an attempt to make life easier for future historians of science, Todd has now written his autobiography, *A Time to Remember*. Sir John Cockcroft, who was ten years Todd's senior, had a similarly celebrated life, but did not live to write his own memoirs. The present biography, *Cockcroft and the Atom*, written with the full co-operation of Lady Cockcroft, is a joint effort by Professor T. E. Allibone, a former colleague of Cockcroft, and Guy Hartcup, the historian of military science. This is the more readable and illuminating of the two books.

One of the problems of *A Time to Remember* resides in the ambiguity of its potential readership. It is far too technical to aim for the general public and it is too short of detail to interest the specialist, who is constantly referred to the chemical literature for further information. There is, alas, more excitement in a single scientific paper of Todd's than in the whole of this book. Occasionally it flickers to life, for example, whenever R. B. Woodward ("one of those very rare people who possessed that elusive quality of genius, and was certainly the greatest organic chemist of his generation, and possibly of this century") enters the scene. I wish there were more about him. The best part of the book comes in the six appendices which reprint in extract form the five Anniversary Addresses to the Royal Society and the Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. There is precious little insight into the workings of a great mind. We are told that Todd has been everywhere, from Brazil to Malaysia (where he endured tropical storms and narrowly escaped being ambushed by bandits) and Australia, from Nkrumah's Ghana to Venezuela, but he is predictable in a condescending and aloof British way in his comments about the natives: Moscow was "drab and with a rather oppressive atmosphere"; in India he saw "poverty . . . cheek by jowl with fantastic riches" and found comical the girl students riding bicycles in their Islamic garb; Trinidad

dians laugh a lot and in Papua-New Guinea people still go about stripped down to their blue, white and red paint; the Spain of Franco was inevitably a banana monarchy of tin soldiers. On meeting Indira Gandhi at her father's house in 1953 he found her very impressive and "from that day onwards [he] never had much doubt about who would succeed Nehru when the time came". It is, thus, hard to believe that his foresight did not seem to apply to his own successes – a mere two months before winning the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1957, when toasted at Berkeley by Wendell Stanley and told to remember the toast in December (when the Nobel Prizes are announced) he confesses that he had not a clue of what it meant. The Presidency of the Royal Society also, he claims, came to him as a complete surprise.

Cockcroft also travelled everywhere, but his trips were embellished by aesthetic pleasures: stopping in Beirut, on the way to Australia, to see Baalbek, foregoing some official opening in Italy to make a detour to Ravenna, with Fermi, to admire the Byzantine relics, gazing in wonderment at the Taj Mahal ("I could have stayed and looked at it indefinitely – the beauty was in the exterior and in the setting"). He loved to poke around old buildings and had a deep appreciation of architecture. It is thus no coincidence that he spent the best of his life creating new institutions or looking after old ones, since they both allowed him to indulge in his passion for building. As Junior Bursar of St John's he delighted in the opportunity to restore the old buildings or construct new additions to the College. Later, during the War, he became the prime force behind Chalk River, the Canadian laboratory for the production of plutonium in a reactor. When Britain finally decided to become a nuclear power, Cockcroft was invited, by common assent of his peers, to take charge of research and development: The Atomic Energy Research Establishment (AERE) at Harwell, and its offsprings were the result.

For Sir Nevill Mott, Cockcroft's greatest achievement and real claim to fame lay not in the fundamental research in the 1930s (for which he was awarded, jointly with Walton, the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1951) but in the development and utilization of atomic energy. Despite his reserve and shyness, his habit of sitting silent through meetings, he was a very efficient organizer and usually got things done very quickly. Supporting Cockcroft's nomination for the directorship of the atomic energy programme, Chadwick (the discoverer of the neutron) could write: "his temper is so equable and his patience and persistence so inexhaustible that we can put in lively and relatively irresponsible men who have the real feeling for research without fear of upsetting the balance". He made the AERE, as he had made Chalk River before that, a happy organization. Soon he was the subject of affectionate cartoons and was dubbed the "atom-chief" in the popular press. To many he also became a living symbol of international scientific co-operation, drawing applause, despite his conservative views and outlook, from some unexpected quarters, such as the *Daily Worker*. "Whatever magnificent developments are seen in the next ten years, whatever contribution Britain and her scientists are able to make to the world pool of knowledge and skill, a large share of the credit must go to this calm and unassuming man. . . . He is neither the dome-headed 'mad scientist' of Edwardian fiction, nor the power obsessed 'new man' of recent fiction." *Cockcroft and the Atom*, besides giving us a very vivid and sympathetic portrait of the man, reads also as a good short history of nuclear energy in Britain (inevitably drawing generously from Margaret Gowing's *Independence and Deterrence, Britain and Atomic Energy 1945-1952*).

Cockcroft's involvement in Britain's nuclear programme robbed him of the opportunity of pursuing a university career (he held, during 1939-46, the Jacksonian Professorship of Natural Philosophy but "delivered not a single lecture, a record probably unequalled even by the 18th century professors", as he himself acknowledged). Todd, despite an active engagement in science politics (at one time he almost became Minister of State for Science under Douglas Home) always remained an academic. The crucial role played by science during the

war led the politicians to believe that it could be equally valuable in peace, and thus two advisory bodies were created, both chaired by Sir Henry Tizard – the Advisory Council on Scientific Policy (ACSP) to look at civil science and technology, and the Defence Research Policy Committee (DRPC) to deal with defence matters. On Tizard's retirement in 1952, Cockcroft succeeded him as chairman of DRPC and Todd as chairman of ACSP (on whose Council Cockcroft also sat). Their paths would cross again. The new faith in science and technology as conveyors of "prosperity for all" meant that something had also to be done in science education. A new school, modelled on the MIT or the Continental Technische Hochschulen was envisaged. There was also a consensus that such an institution should be a national memorial to Sir Winston Churchill, who in 1949 had addressed a conference at the MIT on "The 20th Century, its Promise and its Realisation". Largely at Todd's instigation, the creation of a new Cambridge college – Churchill College – was favoured over a completely separate technological institute. It is reported in *Cockcroft and the Atom* that Churchill was "rather disappointed that the college would not resemble the MIT as closely as he would have liked and that it was to be built in Cambridge rather than Oxford". Todd had been so closely involved and done so much for the creation of the new college (even choosing its motto, "Forward") that he was the obvious candidate for the Mastership, but after the intervention of Harold Macmillan, the Trustees appointed Cockcroft, then about to retire from the Atomic Energy Authority. Cockcroft's old dream of returning to his alma mater was finally realized; Todd avoided "the hectic days following the launching of the Churchill College appeal" by going off to Singapore and Hong-kong.

Cockcroft was determined to make the new college a place "where senior and junior, science and arts, were continually mixing", thus providing a "general education for students as well as the continual re-education of Fellows". According to George Steiner, it became "a place where the arts were not only welcomed but spoilt".

One of the pleasures of *Cockcroft and the Atom* lies in the excellent selection of photographs (there are no photographs or indices in *A Time to Remember*), many of them of aesthetic merit. And what better epitaph than the *Picture Post* photograph of Sir John, striding along the Ridgeway? He is shown back to camera, silhouetted against the twilight, as if resolutely facing the undiscovered country.

Mould's Medical Anecdotes (147pp. Bristol: Adam Hilger. £9.95. 0 85274 762 4) is a collection of anecdotes, humorous or bizarre, gathered by Dick Mould in the course of his more serious work as a lecturer on behalf of the International Atomic Agency and the World Health Organization. It includes entries entitled "Ivan the Terrible's Skeleton", "The 'Deceased' Left Funeral Swearing", "Morbidly In Assistants at Surgical Operations" and "Curling Piles with Petrol".

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Freud and Modernism

Sir, — Sir Ernst Gombrich, in his reply (July 13) to my letter of July 6, still claims that Freud's private opinion of much modern art resembled those subsequently proclaimed by Nazi theorists of degenerate art. I maintain that his interpretation is in error; and the situation is interestingly more complex than I originally thought.

Gombrich and S. S. Prawer (Letters, July 13) both refer to two letters quoted by Gombrich in *Tributes*. The letter to which Gombrich's "here of all places . . . an anticipation" refers is a letter from Freud to Abraham in respect of which Gombrich thinks that I am mistaken in seeing Freud as anything other than "angry and in deadly earnest". I take this letter, as I have said, to be a chain of jokes, the intended "victim" of which is Abraham's *amour propre*, rather than any Expressionist art or artists. ("The artist says he saw you like that" is surely a joke. Again, the invoking of Adler's theories against the artist can hardly be more than a mock condemnation, given Freud's relation to Adler at the time; "his theories . . . have very little to do with psychoanalysis, which they were designed to replace.") Abraham's reply, at any rate, is explicit: "I still have to thank you . . . for the humorous lines to which you were inspired by my portrait" (Abraham to Freud, January 1923). Admittedly, when a joke has to be pointed out, there is room for doubt, but that doubt is not about whether the letter is prescient or not to the ideas of the Third Reich.

The other letter, to which Gombrich's "here of all places" is not directly attached, and which Gombrich takes to be the milder in tone, is a letter to Pfister, and it is here that Gombrich may be closer to the truth. But first there is some clearing up to be done. Gombrich claims that Freud wrote "that these 'madmen' had no right to call themselves artists". The original letter says: "In private life I have no patience at all with fools (Narren). . . . But after all, you yourself say clearly and exhaustively what these people lack in order to be able to claim the name of artist." Now there is no doubt that Freud wanted certain people to be "artists" rather than artists, and that this applied to a whole range of people from the painter in Abraham's case (Thamny) to Hermann Bahr and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. But always Freud's criterion for such judgments was lack of artistic skill, and never mental illness or moral degeneracy. What was important for Freud in artistic work was the ability to represent conflict in such a way as to hide, and deflect attention from, its unpleasant effects. Such a concern is present in Pfister's book on Expressionism. However, in allowing this interest to dominate his reply to Pfister, Freud seems to have failed to notice, and certainly to comment on, the existence in Pfister's work of something graver. For, mixed in with Pfister's persistent applications of psychoanalysis, there are philosophical world-views that have really nothing to do with psychoanalysis, and which are quite antithetical to it — whilst being quite consistent with Nazi theories not only of art but also of society. Pfister took it that the direction of the treatment should be subordinated to ethical principles which originate externally to the psychoanalytical situation, and those perspectives which he wished to impose on psychoanalysis he attempted to develop fairly systematically into a totalitarian philosophical theory, based on religious ideals, in which weakness was to be expelled on behalf of strength. Freud had protested about Pfister's philosophy three months before the letter quoted by Gombrich was written (a protest which Pfister had found incomprehensible); so perhaps Freud thought his piece said. Many of the letters from Freud to Pfister are unobtainable, but certainly by 1927 Pfister was clearly aware of the divergences between the two of them: "I cannot have things out with you on religion, since you completely reject the philosophy, your way of judging art is completely different from mine. . . . I think totally differently here" (Pfister to Freud, November 1927). Pfister is here commenting on Freud's public and private opinion of his ideals, from which followed the separation of their views on even modern art.

In detecting totalitarian tendencies, Gombrich's instincts are right; but these tendencies

are to be found in Pfister and not in Freud. By not differentiating sufficiently between the two, Gombrich has displaced on to Freud opinions that properly belong elsewhere. The consolations that Pfister sought in philosophy led him to temper psychoanalysis with ideals — ideals that were criticized by Freud, openly and in private (mildly in 1913, but) with increasing force from the mid-1920s. Professor Prawer cites Thomas Mann as believing that Freud did not misuse psychoanalysis: in fact, Mann's claim was not this at all, but — as reported by Gombrich in *Tributes* — that psychoanalysis "clearly resists" any attempt to subordinate it to reactionary purposes. Pfister was shocked by the rise of the Nazis, but his philosophy does not resist incorporation into a totalitarian world-view; psychoanalysis does, and so do Freud's opinions on art.

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'Poor Penelope'

Sir, — In his review of Sylvia Freedman's *Poor Penelope* (July 20) S. Schoenbaum writes thus of Sir Philip Sidney:

Dying at Zutphen after giving a poor soldier his only bottle, Sidney recalled the youthful vanity in which he had taken guilty delight: "It was my Lady Rich."

Two very dubious stories are here conflated. Sidney died at Arnhem nearly four weeks after being wounded at Zutphen. The story of his sharing a water bottle (not by any means necessarily his only one) with a dying soldier comes from Fulke Greville, who was not present, writing over twenty years later. The allusion to his guilty recollection of Lady Rich comes from an even more doubtful document, a pious account of Sidney's death by a clergyman, also apparently written long after the event. The allusion to Lady Rich occurs in one only of the two manuscripts, and is unlikely to reflect anything more than a posthumous legend. Schoenbaum's description of Penelope Rich as Sidney's "inamorata" suggests that even modern scholars long to believe in such legends.

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The Kensington Rune Stone

Sir, — The review by Hilda Davidson of *The Vikings in History* by E. Donald Logan (July 6) refers to "many earnest or mischievous attempts to establish the Viking presence in North America", and gives as one instance the "well-executed but now discredited forgeries of runes on the Kensington Stone".

There is a strong sentiment in Minnesota in favour of the authenticity of the Kensington Rune Stone, which was found by a Swedish-American farmer near Alexandria, Minnesota, in the late 1890s. It is true that the opinion of scholars generally, based largely on linguistic analyses, was until recently that the carvings on the stone are of modern rather than ancient origin. Also, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 15th Edition, says, "It has been proved to be a forgery".

The unequivocal charges of forgery are apparently based on studies reported in 1968. None of those studies, however, gave any real evidence of fraud, but reported the opinions of the investigators, premised on their assumptions about the language of the runic carvings. A report of a study published in 1982 by Robert A. Hall Jr., Professor Emeritus, Cornell University, a specialist in Romance and general linguistics, presents a good case for the authenticity of the carvings. (*The Kensington Rune Stone Is Genuine*, Hornbeam Press, Columbia, South Carolina 29206). Professor Hall also concentrated on the linguistic aspects of the stone. He considers his conclusion highly probable, but, like previous investigators, he does not claim absolute proof for it.

It is incorrect to say that the beleaguered Kensington Rune Stone has been "proved to be a forgery".

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The introduction to the new edition of Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary* was written by R. F. Willetts, not Roy Willetts, as stated in our issue of July 13.

Editing Yeats

Sir, — Warwick Gould's review of *The Poems of W. B. Yeats: A New Edition and Editing Yeats's Poems* (June 29) is correct on the following matters. As Denis Donoghue first noted (*THES*, June 8), "the" was omitted from the first line of "A Bronze Head" — correctly "at right of the entrance" — though I do not know how Gould can call such an error "hubristic". The other textual misprint cited by Donoghue in his letter (July 20) was first called to my attention by George Bornstein: in "Sixteen Dead Men", the proper reading is "is their logic". As Gould suggests, the missing portion of "The Living Beauty", discovered by Christopher Ricks (*Sunday Times*, May 20), appears correctly in the American edition, published several months earlier than the English. I have been informed by Macmillan, London, that they are inserting cancel pages for that mistake and two other printer's errors unique to the English edition (in "The Tower", noted by Donoghue, and in "The Wanderings of Oisín"). Gould offers a better source for the story "Hudden, Dudden and Donald O'Neary", and he has uncovered why Mrs Yeats and Thomas Mark discussed a deleted "gnat" in "A Nativity". His complaint that I once misquote Mrs Yeats is valid: her "POEMS" was rendered "Poems". And his discovery of "A note (and a wrong one)" apparently refers to a transposition of Decius' death date from 251 to 215.

I am afraid, however, that apart from these addenda Gould's review is plagued by misstatements, distortions of what I wrote, and factual errors. As my space is limited, let me offer just three examples:

1. He writes that "Following a hunch, Finerman prints some refrains in italics and some in Roman . . .". My "hunch" was in fact Yeats's final typescripts for the poems in question, many of which he dated and marked "correct".

2. Commenting on the inclusion of play lyrics in the Additional Poems, he calls my statement that "Yeats does not seem to have formulated a consistent policy on the matter" "incomprehensibly false". The prior sentences in *Editing Yeats's Poems* noted that Yeats regularly published such songs as separate poems, either in a journal or in a collection of verse, with only a few of these surviving through the *Collected Poems*. As an example I cited — and cite again — "The Well and the Tree", from *At the Hawk's Well*, printed only in the 1916 *Responsibilities*.

3. He has it that "Mrs Yeats tried to preserve the integrity of 'New Poems' and 'Last Poems' by including 'Three Songs to the Same Tune' in

one and 'Three Marching Songs' in the other. This is simply — even incomprehensibly — wrong. "Three Songs to the Same Tune" was not included in *New Poems*, because it had been published three years earlier in *A Red Moon in March*; nor is there evidence that Yeats wanted it there. In Gould's present text, *Poems* (1949), it appears in "From A Red Moon in March". Moreover, Yeats clearly regarded "Three Marching Songs" as a replacement for the earlier poem: in his copy of *A Red Moon in March* he not only heavily revised the ink "Three Songs to the Same Tune" but also drafted a note explaining that "I published a first confused version of these songs some years ago. I hope they are now clear & perhaps singable." All of this is explained in *Editing Yeats's Poems*.

It would be easy enough, I regret to say, to continue in this vein. Readers interested in further detail need only contrast my arguments in *Editing Yeats's Poems* with Gould's presentation of them. I turn now to the dominant motif of his argument, the order of the poems. Gould calls the 1933 *Collected Poems* a "stop gap venture" and a "pot-boiler", terms which might surprise both Yeats and his publishers: the volume was reissued five times in Yeats's lifetime. Moreover, in a conversation on June 22, 1937, Yeats and Harold Macmillan decided on an expanded edition "in about two years' time". Gould believes that Yeats agreed to the plan of that volume only for potential profit that, in other words, he had no qualms about offering his life's work to the largest possible audience in an inferior arrangement. Although he admits that Yeats's acceptance of that format was "unequivocal" (Yeats wrote "I am delighted with your suggestion to put my poems in a section at the end"), Gould some how knows that Yeats "in never thought of extending this decision" to the Edition de Luxe.

He dismisses the Scribner Edition by calling it an "American collectors' edition". Yet is not the Edition de Luxe an "English collectors' edition"? In 1936 Scribner's planned to sell 750 sets at \$70-80 for seven or eight volumes; in 1939 Macmillan advertised 350 sets at 16 guineas for eleven volumes. Both editions were to include Yeats's major works. On November 9, 1936, Yeats told his agent that "the list of contents I propose to send to Scribner is exactly the same as that which I have sent to Messrs. Macmillan, though slightly different in form", "form" doubtless referring to the fact that Macmillan already had much of the material in proof whereas Scribner's did not. In a letter of October 13, 1937, Yeats asked Macmillan "to delay Vol IV of Edition de Luxe until I can get proofs of the similar edition

Scribner is printing in America". Indeed, had the two editions been published at approximately the same time, the American would have seemed the more "canonical", as Yeats wrote for it alone three important essays, including an "Introduction" (published after his death as "A General Introduction for my Work").

Gould further argues against the Scribner Edition because Harold Macmillan suggested it should follow the *Collected Poems* and refused to let Scribner's have proofs of the Edition de Luxe. But even in the passage that he quotes, Macmillan reminds Yeats that the *Collected Poems* contains "the latest text". He does not quote Macmillan's statement that they will withhold the proofs only "if Mr. Yeats does not mind" or his concern to know Yeats's views. Since the Edition de Luxe had then languished for six years, if Yeats had insisted on having proofs sent to Scribner's, it is likely that Macmillan would have complied.

Furthermore, there was nothing to prevent Yeats from telling Scribner's to print his poems in any order he preferred. In discrediting the Scribner Edition, Gould again falls into misstatement. He writes, "After Yeats's death the Dublin Edition poems were provisionally re-ordered into chronological arrangement, probably at Mrs Yeats's initiative." Should Gould study the original materials in the Scribner Archive in Austin, he will discover this is not true. He complains that "Finerman remarks that these Texas materials support his view that Yeats preferred the CP ordering but offers no evidence, and there are no 'directions for arrangement' in the archive". My remark about the "Texas materials" was made in the same paragraph of *The Poems* in which I explained that the Scribner Archive had become accessible too late for citation in *Editing Yeats's Poems* and referred interested readers to an essay forthcoming in the 1984 issue of the Cornell University Press *Yeats: An annual of critical and textual studies* (not to be confused with the Macmillan, London, *Yeats Annual*). Had Gould requested an advance copy, he would have had his evidence. His phrase "directions for arrangement" apparently comes from some preliminary notes on the Archive that I sent him and other interested parties in May 1983 (though I had not authorized quotation from them). However, there is incontrovertible evidence at Texas and elsewhere that Scribner's were following Yeats's instructions in using the order of the *Collected Poems*.

Yeats had every reason to believe that the Scribner Edition would be published in the spring of 1938. Would he then have allowed Macmillan to print his poems in a different arrangement before his death in 1939? Gould doubtless thinks so, because in his limited vision only the Edition de Luxe is "canonical". In so arguing he relies heavily on Mrs Yeats's preference for the Edition de Luxe format. Now although I object in the strongest possible way to his suggestion that I hold Mrs Yeats in "ill-concealed contempt", I do think it is possible to question her authority in textual matters, particularly given the following facts: 1) on April 13, 1939, she suggested an extra volume for the Edition de Luxe, to include many items which Yeats had not selected for publication therein; 2) on April 17, 1939, she wrote that she did not know what to do about "Three Songs to the Same Tune" until she had consulted with "various poets"; 3) on June 4, 1939, she agreed to Mark's suggestion to rearrange *Last Poems*: "Certainly put 'Under Ben Bulbin' at the end of the volume. Its present position was WBY's, but I think now it should undoubtedly be at the end as you suggest"; 4) on June 22, 1939, she admitted uncertainty about "The Choice" and suggested it be printed both as a separate poem and as the seventh stanza of "Cooler and Ballylee, 1931"; 5) some time after 1949 she assured several scholars, including Russell K. Alsapach, co-editor of *Variorum Poems*, that *Poems* (1949) was correctly arranged, though she can hardly have forgotten the reordering of *Last Poems*; 6) in 1956 she informed Hugh Kenner that *Last Poems* was not in the proper order. Given this record, one cannot simply assume that she was following Yeats's wishes in ordering the 1949 *Poems*. The documentary evidence suggests otherwise.

The essential facts are these: 1) the most comprehensive edition of Yeats's poetry pub-

lished in his lifetime is divided into "Lyrical" and "Narrative and Dramatic"; 2) the only recorded statement by Yeats on the topic expresses "delight" with that arrangement; 3) the most comprehensive edition of his verse planned by Yeats for which he submitted copy uses the *Collected Poems* format. To prefer the opinions of Mrs Yeats and others over these demonstrable facts is not sound editorial procedure.

Throughout his review, Gould expresses misgivings about the editorial policy for the *Collected Edition of the Works of W. B. Yeats*. Years ago he pressed the same arguments upon the general editors, George Mills Harper and myself. He did not convince us then; nor has he convinced us now. Yet he continues under our direction to edit a volume in the series and to have a one-third share in another. One can therefore only wonder where his commitment to the editorial principles outlined in his review begins, and where it ends.

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Dating 'The Shrew'

Sir, — I was interested to see (Letters, July 20) how the general editor of the Oxford Shakespeare has dated *Othello* by some six months, between the limits of October 1603 and November 1604. By the same method of termini endorsed by modern scholarship (here, the Cambridge Beaumont and Fletcher, vols iv and v) we can re-date *The Taming of the Shrew* by over twelve years, to the same period.

That play has a *terminus ad quem* in 1609, the date of its first known mention. It also provoked a reply called *The Woman's Prize or The Tamer Tamed* by John Fletcher (b 1579) and "composed early in his career" (op cit, iv, 1979, p3), though not earlier than 1605 ("Siege of Ostend", l.iii). *The Shrew's terminus a quo* is its description (Ind.1.80f) of a play in which Soto, a farmer's eldest son, woos a gentlewoman. This, if it was not Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd* "as we have it, was clearly another version of it" (v, 1982, p444). But no version could well be earlier than c1603, on current Fletcher chronology. So these termini, and their links between Shakespeare and his future collaborator, and common-sense inference about topicality, all propose c1604 for *The Shrew*; and so does the Cambridge editor of *Women Pleas'd* (loc cit).

This completely contradicts most modern editions of *The Shrew*, including both Oxford and Cambridge. They opt for 1593 or even earlier. For that period, however, they offer no such dating evidence, and indeed no hard evidence at all.

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Andrew Marvell

Sir, — David Nokes's review (June 1) of my edition of Andrew Marvell's *Complete Poetry* expresses surprise that despite the publication of 324 books and articles on Marvell in the decade that followed its first appearance in 1968 I have made no textual revisions. Except for a note in the Dent edition acknowledging the continuing disagreements about the authenticity of the second and third "Advices to a Painter", and persuasive claims to the canonicity of "Tom May's Death", I have changed nothing in the text but a few misprints. As Mr Nokes says, "Apparently those 300 works of scholarship failed to provide [LORD] with a single conclusive reason for altering a word or a date."

Even a cursory glance at Dan S. Collins's informative, thorough and diligently fair *Andrew Marvell: A Reference Guide* (Boston: G. K. Hall, 1981), which lists year by year and describes in detail everything published on Marvell between 1641 and 1978 (and referred to in my bibliographical note), might have greatly reduced Nokes's surprise. According to Collins, there are 804 books and articles on Marvell; and eighty-eight dissertations. Of these 892 items, more than a third of which appeared in the decade 1968-78, very few even touch on questions of canon and text. In the decade we are considering only seven of the 324 books and articles are concerned with textual issues; not, I might add, do any of the

dissertations deal with such concerns.

The seven textual items are: D585 Clayton, D640 Guffey, D675 Legouis, D686 Aboyade, D737 Atkins, D751 Edwards and D772 Patterson. (I am excluding earlier entries incorporated in these items.) Of the seven Clayton, Aboyade and Atkins are concerned with the famous glow, hue, dew crux in "To his Coy Mistress" and support, explicitly or implicitly, my text and textual note. Guffey's work is a concordance; Legouis's article a review disparaging (without much evidence) the authority of the Bodley MS (Eng poet d49) as used in Elizabeth Story Donno's edition; and Edwards's "New Texts of Marvell's Satires, II" an account of variant readings in MSS in the Duke of Portland's collection for which he does not attempt to claim any textual authority. (Among the poems is "Britannia and Rawleigh", certainly not by Marvell.) We are left with Annabel Patterson's *Marvell and the Civic Crown*, which argues at length for the inclusion of the second and third "Advices to a Painter" in the canon, a position I share.

The best work on Marvell is as distinguished as that on much greater English poets, yet we still may regret the deal of sack and the half-pennyworth of bread in the mesmerizing multiplication of ever-new interpretations of a half-dozen lyrics while textual research is neglected. Nevertheless, we must remember that for most of the poems there are only two witnesses with any pretence to authority: *Miscellaneous Poems* (1681) and "Popple" (Bodley Eng poet d49). A contemporary edition must, perforce, rely on these, with additional help from the few poems published in Marvell's lifetime.

Had Warren Chernaik's challenging re-examination of editorial marks in the Bodley MS appeared before my edition was republished (*The Poet's Time*, Cambridge, 1983), I would have taken it into account. It is the first detailed study of the Popple MS and will inevitably lead to a re-examination of the canon and text of the satires.

As to Mr Nokes's comment that my "repeated praise" for Marvell's poise in presenting Cromwell and Charles I in "An Horatian Ode" reminds him of Horace Walpole's observation on "Pope's proud boast of Erasmus neutrality" as an "honest mean [that] was alternate time-serving", I can only admit that the question was and is a real one. Fifty years before Walpole Dryden was attacking Marvell as a Marprelate and Samuel Parker and others of his ilk were charging him with the shiftiness and expediency which they themselves grossly exemplified. Here I would conclude by saying that if John Klaus's *The Unfortunate Fall: Theology and the moral imagination of Andrew Marvell* (Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1983) had appeared while the Dent edition was still in my hands, I would have taken a more discriminating approach to the moral and theological issues that may lie beneath the over-celebrated and over-commented paradoxes, ambiguities, enigmas and contradictions that have been a staple for Marvellians (myself included) for far too long.

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Dryden and the Epic

Sir, — Charles Martindale in his review of *Aspects of the Epic*, edited by Ton Winafrith, Penelope Murray and K. W. Gransden (July 13), quotes Dryden on the epic: "A Heroic poem, truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the son of man is capable to perform." Some fit of accuracy and pedantry overcame me as I read that. Between Dryden (first sentence of his dedication of the *Aeneid*) and your pages, the phrase "the Soul of Man" has somehow got altered into the biblical "son of man".

It seems not to have been noticed that this is taken from René Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poetics*, as published in the translation of the redoubtable Thomas Rymer in 1674. No doubt Dryden held the sentiment as firmly as if he had written it out to begin with, and it may well be that he was reminded of Rapin's remark by the second edition of Rymer's translation, published in London in 1694 (p77). If so, the then imperative phrase for him would have been "A Heroic

Poem, truly such", since Sir Richard Blackmore's *Prince Arthur* had appeared in 1695, with an attack on Dryden. My own Pedantic Reflexions go no farther than that.

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Hobbes's 'De Cive'

Sir, — In his review (July 6) of Howard Warrender's new editions of the Latin and English versions of Hobbes's *De Cive*, Blair Worden wonders about the importance of variations in the texts to other than "full-time Hobbsists". I think I have escaped from that category and so venture to offer my views.

Some of the textual variations of the English from the Latin, notably for example in the author's "Preface", are clearly mistranslations (on this point see T. Magri's Italian translation of *De Cive*, Rome, 1979). There are other oddities about the English translation. First, it was published by the Royalist publisher Richard Royston rather than by Hobbes's usual publisher, Andrew Crooke. Second, it contains three illustrative plates, one at the beginning of each section of the book, not found in any other edition. These emblematic illustrations, included in Warrender's edition for the first time since 1651, tell a story. (Their source and significance is discussed in my "Picturing Hobbes's Politics", *J. of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, 44 [1981], 232-37.) But unlike the frontispieces of Hobbes's other works, they tell a story different from the text. The message of these illustrations is Stuart legitimacy: Charles the martyr (complete with the mark of his beheading on his throat) appears himself in the third plate ("Religion") in an emblem of innocence, the man without sin facing worldly evils.

So it seems that Hobbes's political works were published for three different purposes between 1649 and 1651. *The Elements of Law* was put out (in two sections) in support of the Commonwealth. Hobbes's *Leviathan* came out in April 1651; Quentin Skinner has emphasized that it adopted a *de facto*, not a legitimist, position. The English version of *De Cive* had appeared a month earlier. Published by a Royalist publisher, illustrated with legitimist emblems, translated with errors, it appeared in the Stuart interest and Hobbes was probably not responsible for initiating its publication.

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General Browning

Sir, — Redmond O'Hanlon in his review (July 13) of Peter Dickens's *SAS, The Jungle Frontier* refers to General Browning as "ADC to Montgomery" in September 1944. For the sake of historical accuracy it should be made clear that Browning, at that date, was Deputy Commander, 1st Allied Airborne Army.

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Poetry and Rhetoric

Sir, — Anne Stevenson (Letters, July 13) appears to believe me but asks where Yeats's dictum concerning poetry and rhetoric can be found. Answer: in *Per Amica Silentia Lunae*, published in 1918 and reprinted in *Mythologies*. Section 5 of the first part of this work ("Anima Hominis") begins as follows:

We make out of the quarrel with others rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves poetry. Unlike the rhetoricians who get a confident voice from remembering the crowd they have won or may win, we sing amid our uncertainty, and smitten even in the presence of the most high beauty by the knowledge of our solitude our rhythm shudders.

As Anne Stevenson seems to be suggesting, self and others are not easily distinct opposites, and indeed Yeats's mellifluous illusionism is itself a rhetorical performance which invites the reader to connive at its assumption of complete authority. "We sing amid our uncertainty" admits to no uncertainty. Yeats's ring of confidence is a closed circuit. That is its magnificence and its limitation.

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Devotions and divisions

Sheridan Gilley

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY IRELAND: A sociological study
285pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £20.
071711962

DESMOND BOWEN
Paul Cardinal Cullen and the Shaping of Modern Irish Catholicism
311pp. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. £20.
071710899

AMBROSE MACAULAY
Dr Russell of Maynooth
338pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £21.
0232515972

By 1900 the once distant outpost of Catholic Ireland had become the heart of a spiritual empire of Irish emigrants settled throughout the Americas and Australasia, while Irish priests preached the faith to the heathen in the furthest corners of the earth. This international religious community was the outcome of the nineteenth-century Catholic revival in Ireland, which some scholars have interpreted as a revolution in Irish Catholicism. According to David Miller, Sunday Mass attendance in Ireland before 1840 may have counted only 40 per cent of the population; the modern rates of church-going of over 90 per cent, which have made Eire the most "practising" of Catholic nations, were the achievement of a more efficient Church working after 1850 with a falling population. Emmet Larkin has argued that after 1850 a "Devotional Revolution", inspired by Roman "Ultramontane" pious practice, changed utterly the traditional folkloric faith of the Irish, with a new kind of holy fervour. Larkin ascribes much of the credit for renewing discipline and devotion to Ireland's first Cardinal, Paul Cullen, who, in the words of Joseph Lee, "transformed the Church from a Latin-American type institution into one of the most efficiently marshalled Churches in Europe", as part of the wider economic and social modernization of Ireland as a whole.

These points are all questioned by Desmond Keenan in *The Catholic Church in Nineteenth-Century Ireland*. Keenan considers the Church of 1800 a healthy institution. The half-century before 1850 was the era of innovation in Irish Catholicism; the Cullen years saw mere consolidation. The nineteenth-century revival was not a "revolution", but was in complete continuity with the past, as it rested on the solid foundations of the ancient Irish faith.

Pioneer and prophet

A. M. Allechin

CHRISTIAN THODBERG and ANDERS PONTOPPIDAN THYSSON (Editors)
N. F. S. Grundtvig, Tradition and Renewal: Grundtvig's vision of man and people, education and the Church, in relation to world issues today
432pp. Copenhagen: Danish Institute. Dkr 162.
08774290452

NIELS LYHNE JENSEN (Editor)
A Grundtvig Anthology: Selections from the writings of N. F. S. Grundtvig (1783-1872)
Translated by Edward Broadbridge and Niels Lyhne Jensen
195pp. Cambridge: James Clarke. £10.95.
0227 678850

The Danish writer and critic Poul Borum, after noting that N. F. S. Grundtvig, whom he describes as "our greatest poet", is virtually unknown outside Denmark, goes on to add, "Yet Grundtvig is not really known within Denmark either. . . . His enormous and formidable and mysterious and remote. . . Yet this remarkable man - who on his political and public side has a touch of Gladstone about him, moving steadily towards the left as he reaches his eighties, and who on his imaginative and visionary side has more than a touch of William Blake - was none the less a unity, his life forming a coherent, if complex and sometimes troubled whole.

Born in 1783, he could recall from his childhood the first rumours of the French Revolution

Keenan insists on the uniformity of the eighteenth-century Irish Church, the unbroken Wardenship of Galway, an elective prelacy for a priest not a bishop, for whom even women may have had the right to vote, was the exception to the diocesan norm. The *clerici vagi*, or "couple-beggar" clergy who celebrated clandestine marriages, represented a minority abuse beside the decent parish priesthood, despite the ecclesiastical failings of drunkenness, factionalism and ambition. Innovations in philanthropy, devotion and the religious life were more often due to priests and the laity than to bishops; and the chief episcopal initiatives occurred from the 1820s, when the celebrated Bishop James Doyle introduced distinctive clerical dress, confraternities of Christian Doctrine, retreats for priests and an end to "stations" (confession and the mass in private houses). Many changes were pioneered in Dublin by Cullen's greater archiepiscopal predecessor, Daniel Murray:

founding the three religious orders of nuns, the re-establishment of the Irish College in Rome, the founding of [the missionary College of] All Hallows, the foundation of the Irish Vincentians . . . the welcoming of the temperance crusader Fr Mathew, the introduction of devotions to the Sacred Heart, the first attempts at parish missions, the introduction of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

But these novelties were not "reforms". There was a world of folk religion, of ascetic or riotous pilgrimage, holy wells and putting holy water into whiskey. Yet, except on Purgatory, there was little contradiction between official and popular Catholicism, which were both solidly Tridentine. Church-going may have been less frequent than it later became, but it was high by most Continental standards, it was not a cause of clerical complaint and the Irish faithful were mostly devout and well-instructed in their faith.

Keenan is always precise about detail, especially of administration and canon law; there is surely no better short introduction than this to the formal structures of the Irish Church. Yet his writing has about it a clerical dryness, so that he does not quite touch the matter at its heart. Keenan argues that, by 1850, the more primitive old chapels had been replaced with decent if modest buildings. But his own evidence suggests that the new devotions, like holy pictures and statues, were rare outside Dublin and the chapels of the friars and convents, and it was after 1850 that more richly decorated buildings came into use, a new kind of holy place, for rich and poor alike, centred on cult, priest, altar and careful ritual, the

modern foci for popular devotion. Certainly the Irish Church, which never met in a sacred rural landscape, needed the holy building to inspire them. David Miller's statistics and S. J. Connolly's recent monograph on pre-Famine Catholicism indicate a dramatic change of Catholic temper, and Keenan's own discussions of religion are rather external. He remarks that the Brompton Oratory's flamboyantly Roman Ultramontanism "never existed at any time in Ireland", while citing as leading influences on Irish devotion two priests of that Oratory, Faber and Dalgairns. Indeed Keenan argues that the English influence was also strong in the pre-nineteenth-century Irish Church, and finds little evidence of a distinctively Gaelic spirituality. Here as elsewhere, he tells us whatever he does not know, and against the bolder theses of other scholars his caution is most welcome.

Keenan denies the significance of Cardinal Cullen, defining Cullen's leading trait as suspiciousness. The characteristic is granted by Desmond Bowen in his ungenerous, grudging and carping monograph, *Paul Cardinal Cullen and the Shaping of Modern Irish Catholicism*, though Bowen ascribes to Cullen an influence on Ireland as potent as O'Connell's. Bowen finds the key to Cullen in his loyalty to the papacy as an "Ultramontane of the most uncompromising type", "a Roman of the Romans". Bowen calls Cullen's Irish opponents, like Daniel Murray, sympathetic to Protestants and to English policies in Ireland, "old Gallicans"; and "new Gallicans" those like Archbishop MacHale of Tuam, anti-English, anti-Protestant and favourably to nationalism of a populist if not a revolutionary kind.

This exact "old" and "new" Gallican terminology does not appear in any letter which Bowen cites from Cullen's correspondence, but even if it is the clue to Cullen's policies. It is not the Ariadne's thread to Irish Catholicism. "Gallicans" denied an independent papal infallibility in faith and morals, and a plenary Roman jurisdiction beyond Rome; and they assigned an independent temporal authority to kings and spiritual authority to bishops, who are infallible in a General Council. Irish Gallicanism needs the most careful definition. In spite of the moderate Gallican tradition at Maynooth, all Irish churchmen accepted Rome's ultimate jurisdiction, and though MacHale opposed defining papal infallibility in 1870, that doctrine had no relevance to most of the disputes in the Irish Church, which were over state-sponsored mixed education, state

regulation of Catholic education, and state payment of the Irish priesthood. The dividing MacHale and Murray from Cullen from each other, even though MacHale's independence as a metropolitan was challenged by Cullen's powers as the Pope's Apostolic Delegate. The defines "Gallicanism" as an "assent to local autonomy, as the many bishops defended their local use of 'statutes', but these had already been attacked by 'Gallicans' like Bishop Doyle. MacHale's rejection of Rome's political directives was not 'Gallican', as most Catholics accepted O'Connell's dictum, 'our religion from Rome, our politics from Ireland'. For Bowen, Gallicanism is King Charles's head, crowding out more complex explanations. It was too frail a phenomenon to explain modern Irish ecclesiastical history.

Yet Cullen's "Ultramontanism" does not describe the reconstruction of the Church on Roman models of discipline and devotion; even though this was begun by Gallicans like Doyle and Murray. Cullen wanted piety and order, which Ultramontane idealism could secure. Yet in principle he had much in common with MacHale: an O'Connell nationalism, the will to keep Church and state apart, except for state funding of denominational education, a concern for the poor and keen dislike of Protestantism. In this anti-Protestantism especially, Cullen shared his feelings of his flock, and it is too much to ascribe to him, as Bowen does, the responsibility for the growing gulf between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland.

Cullen regarded as a "strong Gallican" Charles William Russell, a Professor of later President of Maynooth College; but Russell, the subject of a pleasant biography by Ambrose Macaulay, was too perfectly balanced a scholar-ecclesiastic to be "strong" about anything. Russell had a part in converting Newman, who aptly described him as "ways gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncombustible. He let me alone." Russell himself is marked of two religious giants from the past that "Bossuet was unambiguously right and Pelon was unambiguously wrong"; and there can be doubt whom he preferred. Russell devoted his life after his return to Ireland to his family, and to devote his energies to the historical scholarship for which his name is held in blessing. After all the Hibernian swordsmen of the spirit, Father Macaulay reminds us that the island of the saints has saints after all.

point in one way, Thodberg's mastery stands out of Grundtvig as a preacher and a hymn-writer in another.

Problems of translation abound, and most of them are to be seen in *Tradition and Renewal*. They become uncomfortably evident in the collection of extracts in *A Grundtvig Anthology*, edited by Niels Lyhne Jensen.

Grundtvig's prose, with its long, sprawling sentences and its combination of the erudite and the vernacular, the archaic and the colloquial, is almost as difficult to render into English as his verse. Grundtvig forged his own language. The extracts gathered here have been carefully selected to reflect different aspects of his work, but one is bound to doubt how much of the force and quality of the original they convey to a reader previously unacquainted with Grundtvig's writing. It is ironic that Grundtvig, who himself strove so hard to be a translator from Latin and Greek, from French and Anglo-Saxon, from German and English, should prove to be so resistant to those who wish to transpose his own words into other languages.

All the contributors to *Tradition and Renewal* are Danish; they cannot but see their subject from close up. For a longer, larger perspective on the man and his work we must await the day when we have a major study from a non-Danish writer. That day should not be too long delayed. On any showing we have here one of the great figures of nineteenth-century Europe, a man who did not fit easily into the confines of his own small country, and whose ideas seem often to be more relevant to our own day than they were to his own.

Visionary moments

Colin Greenland

RICHARD COWPER
The Titian Factor and other stories
150pp. Gollancz. £7.95.
0575 034408
ROBERT SILVERBERG
Valentine Pontifex
347pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0575 034440

Like T.S. Eliot in the rose garden, Richard Cowper's narrators have the experience but miss the meaning. Some while later they tell us about it: "All this happened long ago, and in another country." Seating us comfortably, they begin: "When I was your age - twelve, thirteen . . .", "In the summer of 1937 when I was nine years old . . .", "Last night I dreamt I was a child again . . .". From the future they call to us, looking back over what we cannot see, hypnotized by knowledge and uncertainty. Once upon a time in a derelict old spaceship a wisp of alien herb gave Kevin Morrison a scent of the Mars he would never see. It has haunted him for the rest of his life. "Everything that's worth having you carry around inside you - memories; dreams; feelings. The rest is just a load of useless, worrying junk." In 1992, as the alship lifts her away from Huacaloc, Virginia Clarke touches the ancient talisman old Amata placed around her neck and wonders, did it happen, or was it a dream? In 1994, a biochemist waits for the world to end, smothered in the mutant algae he has inadvertently caused to breed; he dreams of his father's apple tree.

Cowper's manner is modest. Not for him the hallucinatory glamour of J. G. Ballard or the languor of Ray Bradbury. His visionary moments are opaque; words may not violate them. In "What Did the Deazies Do?" nine-year-old Richard looks at an antique painting and finds unspeakable fear.

I dragged my gaze away from the sombre eyes of the long dead Italian and shivered as though someone had touched my grave. What I felt then I could not express, for I had glimpsed a rent in the veil of reality and what lay beyond it was strange and dark and threatening.

The veil of reality, the footstep on the grave: for uncanny experiences these are commonplace terms. Cowper does not intend to startle or provoke us; he wants our attention and sympathy. Nor is what lies beyond always a threat. Virginia Clarke's annunciation at the sacred pool comes in coloured lights and the sound of joyful laughter, but before we can quite see we are whisked away via a shift of viewpoint: "and far off down the winding whispering galleries old Amata heard the sound for which he had been waiting". In "The Titian Factor" Sarah Jackson looks back on her adolescence in the early twenty-second century, helping out at a residential centre for Semplers, artificially immortal men and women. With the development of meditative disciplines and a sense of consciousness, the world has rediscovered orgone, od and animism. Sarah's transcendental experience comes with a forbidden act of sexual and spiritual intercourse with a moping Sempler.

Unfortunately, it is much too late. The accumulated weight of complacency in Silverberg's creation overcomes his better judgment. There is no way out; but market forces do not permit anything as radical as a disastrous ending. Global riot, famine and revolution are therefore progressively reduced to the machinations of one fanatic leader, who is then eliminated, most plausibly, suffocated with forgiveness. The devastation disappears from view as the royals close ranks. *Valentine Pontifex* ends not with any vision of reconstruction, but with the joyous investiture of the new Coronel. They all live happily ever after.

The National Book League is now inviting entries for the £3,000 H. H. Wingate prize which is awarded annually to the book which best stimulates an interest in Jewish themes among a wider reading public. Submissions may be fiction or non-fiction during the current calendar year. The closing date for entries is September 30. Details and entry forms are available from Sue Bennett, National Book League, Book House, 45 East Hill, London SW18 1TA.

Bernard Cornwell's hero Richard Sharpe, sent in earlier books to a variety of other Iberian locations by the Peninsular War, is here dispatched from Wellington's winter headquarters in Flanders to the small village of Adridors, where the action of the novel is set.

account of the intricate and agonizing process of regaining a lost identity, but a meandering odyssey of bizarre adventures, relieved by routine debates on truth and virtue and interludes of local colour. Its outcome is never in doubt. From the first Valentine is inundated with oracles and prophetic dreams. (Dreams are the medium of social regulation on Majipoor; this thought control is not presented as disturbing, or even ambiguous.) Valentine has a destiny. We must accept that, as must everyone he encounters. Pure of heart, princely of birth, he overcomes resistance with the blinding light of his own righteousness. Doubters stammer apologies and kneel; opponents surrender their arms.

A more cynical exploitation of the current vogue for reassuring fairy-tales would be hard to find. *Lord Valentine's Castle* satisfied readers' wishes for a great big safe world where nice things flourish and evil succumbs to forgiveness, and also Silverberg's declared wish to discover "what I was worth on the current market". The naïveté of the narration was not the author's: Silverberg is the man who wrote dark, complex fictions like *Thorns* and *Dying Inside*, skilful anatomies of alienation, uncertainty and conscience. *Valentine Pontifex* is, perhaps, Silverberg's act of conscience for *Lord Valentine's Castle*.

Majipoor is an enormous planet, home of twenty thousand million people, human and otherwise, living in peaceful co-existence under a peculiar oligarchy of four: the contemplative Pontifex; his chosen executive and heir the Coronel; and the King and Lady of Dreams, responsible for sending onerous messages of punishment and encouragement respectively. The loud Oedipal resonances no less than the absurd inadequacy of the system betray its origins in infantile fantasy. In *Valentine Pontifex* Silverberg admits its fragility by pulling it apart.

How many thousands of years of peace there had been! What a pleasant world, what a smoothly functioning world. . . . And now it was ending. Poisonous rain comes from the sky, gardens wither, crops are destroyed, famines begin, new religions take hold, ravenous crazy mobs swarm toward the sea. The aboriginal Purivars, dispossessed by colonists from Earth fourteen thousand years before, have finally cooked up a retaliation of horrendous plagues and bio-engineered predators with awesome appetites. All this is immensely satisfying to those of us who had begun to despair of Silverberg, not just because nastiness is so much more interesting than purity, but because at last there is some real tension in the narrative, and no easy way out of its problems. The broken and repetitive time-structure of the opening chapters, centred on Valentine's visionary swoon at a state banquet, show Silverberg working to bring to *Valentine Pontifex* the dramatic complexity and vigour he smoothed out of *Lord Valentine's Castle*. Not only the linear serenity but the cushioning assumptions of that romance are challenged as Valentine, with customary humility, goes off to beg pardon for his race from the Queen of the Purivars, while his Regent and attendant princes ever, with some warmth, that pacifism is no longer appropriate.

Unfortunately, it is much too late. The accumulated weight of complacency in Silverberg's creation overcomes his better judgment. There is no way out; but market forces do not permit anything as radical as a disastrous ending. Global riot, famine and revolution are therefore progressively reduced to the machinations of one fanatic leader, who is then eliminated, most plausibly, suffocated with forgiveness. The devastation disappears from view as the royals close ranks. *Valentine Pontifex* ends not with any vision of reconstruction, but with the joyous investiture of the new Coronel. They all live happily ever after.

The National Book League is now inviting entries for the £3,000 H. H. Wingate prize which is awarded annually to the book which best stimulates an interest in Jewish themes among a wider reading public. Submissions may be fiction or non-fiction during the current calendar year. The closing date for entries is September 30. Details and entry forms are available from Sue Bennett, National Book League, Book House, 45 East Hill, London SW18 1TA.

Short histories

Savkar Altinel

CECELIA HOLLAND
The Belt of Gold
305pp. Gollancz. £8.95.
0575 033762

A ninth-century Frankish pilgrim returning from the Holy Land rescues an attractive young girl from a group of soldiers on a lonely road near Constantinople, and suddenly finds himself caught in a power struggle between the Byzantine Empress Irene and her enemies which makes even the fierce rivalry between the capital's charioteers, each of whom is determined to wear the Golden Belt of championship, seem tame. The talented and prolific Cecelia Holland's best novel to date has a good plot, skilfully handled, but its main triumph lies in the way it manages to bring to life a civilization even more alien and incomprehensible to Westerners than the Turks who destroyed it.

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
Exit Lady Masham
169pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7.95.
0297 783483

The story of how Abigail Masham, a penniless cousin of the powerful and ambitious Sarah Churchill, wife to the great Marlborough, rose from being her relative's protégée to being her adversary at the court of Queen Anne, before lapsing into obscurity following the death of the monarch. A sad and beautiful book, Augustan in its lucidity and its view of human vanity, if not its language.

PHILIP MCFARLAND
Seasons of Fear
250pp. New York: Schocken. \$15.95.
08052 38506

No sooner has Charles Alexander Corimer, the youngest son of the fourth Earl of Cavendish, arrived in the New World with his monkey on a chain, his two greyhounds and his black slave than the latter, representing an investment of £40, bolts. There is, however, worse to come; it is 1741 and soon a burglary and a series of fires convince the citizens of Manhattan that a "Negro Plot" is afoot and that it is necessary to hang all the suspected insurgents or burn them at the stake. Philip McFarland is an academic historian and his reconstruction of one of the forgotten episodes in colonial American history is a touch too scholarly in places for easy reading, but it is done with intelligence and care, and the picture of pre-Independence New York is convincing and memorable.

RICHARD WOODMAN
The Bomb Vessel
216pp. John Murray. £7.95.
07195 41131

The beginning of his fourth adventure finds Nathaniel Drinkwater of the Royal Navy fretting on dry land after failing to get a ship of his own. Soon, though, his old protector Lord Dungarthy intervenes, and he is given command of an old bomb vessel and sent to the Baltic, where Nelson's temporary disapproval of him does not prevent Drinkwater either from doing his best for his wastrel of a brother fleeing the gallows, or playing a crucial part in the Battle of Copenhagen. Less full of confusing naval jargon than its predecessors and considerably enlivened by the presence of a number of new characters, including a ship's surgeon with a talent for composing instant doggerel.

BERNARD CORNWELL
Sharpe's Enemy
351pp. Collins. £8.50.
000224243

Bernard Cornwell's hero Richard Sharpe, sent in earlier books to a variety of other Iberian locations by the Peninsular War, is here dispatched from Wellington's winter headquarters in Flanders to the small village of Adridors, where the action of the novel is set.

which has been taken over by an "army" of deserters from both sides - all bent on rape and pillage. The French initially help him, but then turn out to have secret plans of their own, and a full-scale battle ensues. Well-constructed and well-written, as always, with a bonus in the form of a dramatic (and apparently final) appearance by Sharpe's old enemy, the obscene Sergeant Obadiah Hakeswill.

RON HANSEN
The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford
305pp. Souvenir Press. £8.95.
0285 626418

In 1882 the career of Jesse Woodson James, Civil War veteran, gang-leader, ruthless killer and folk hero, came to an end when he was shot dead by a confused nineteen-year-old youth who had worshipped him for some time. Ron Hansen's aimless novel manages to miss all that is interesting in an event pregnant with implications about both the American obsession with success and its inevitable corollary: the senseless killing of prominent individuals. And there isn't even any attempt to exploit the opportunities for comedy afforded by Jesse's ridiculous Shakespeare-quoting brother Frank.

JOHN WINGATE
William the Conqueror
335pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £7.95.
0297 782320

Detailed, almost year-by-year account of the Conqueror's life that leaves one wondering why he felt the need to seek Saxon enemies when he already had so many Norman and French ones. Useful as an introduction to the period, but without either a guiding conception of William's character or a definite story line to recommend it to the ordinary reader.

NICHOLAS CHASE
Locksley
280pp. Heinemann. £7.95.
0434 122173

Returning from the Crusades to find his family killed and his ancestral home destroyed by a protégé of King Richard's treacherous brother John, Robert Godfrey Bouvier Atheling, Fourth Earl of Locksley, assumes the name of Robin Hood and begins a career as an outlaw and undercover agent which takes him from Sherwood Forest to London and the Continent. Exciting, mysterious, beautiful, surely one of the most enjoyable historical novels of the decade.

RICHARD CONDON
A Trembling Upon Rome
292pp. Michael Joseph. £8.95.
07181 22410

International bankers are trying to take over the Vatican; there are whores in some of the top beds in Europe, and everywhere vicious murders are being committed. It is all meant to be happening in the fifteenth century, of course, but it is difficult not to be reminded of some more recent scandals, and it is probably no accident that the characters frequently speak like the *mafiosi* in the author's last book, *Pizzini's Honour*. A bitter, cynical novel which pursues, with considerable elegance, Condon's great theme: the exploitation of power.

ROSALIND LAKER
Jewelled Path
378pp. Methuen. £8.50.
0413 517802

Irene Lindsay's love affair with Art Nouveau and her decision to become a jewellery designer bring her into conflict with her father, a wealthy gem merchant of strongly traditionalist views, but also cause romance and adventure to come her way. Rosalind Laker has always been fascinated by crafts and craftsman, and it is not surprising that this novel dealing with the most crafts-orientated of art movements should be her best yet.

Potlatch ceremonies

Reyner Banham

BURTON BENEDICT (Editor)
The Anthropology of World's Fairs: San Francisco's Panama Pacific International Exposition of 1915
 176pp. Scolar Press. £25.
 085967 6765

The Palace of Fine Arts, designed by the unique talent of Bernard Maybeck, is one of the great gems of San Francisco – a city not over-decked with architectural jewels – and for a long time it seemed the only considerable survivor from the Panama Pacific International Exposition of 1915, at which it was a great popular success. Now, however, it turns out – one of those open secrets of the Nobody-ever-asks-about-it type – that there was another great treasure surviving but, being stored in the Lowrie Museum of Anthropology, it was "effectively lost to the human race" as the saying still goes in some circles at Berkeley. Exhumed and exhibited, it proved to be a vast deposit of artefacts and documents from what may have been the most rewarding Great Exposition ever from the anthropological point of view.

The Anthropology of World's Fairs is a sort of catalogue de-luxe of that resurrection exhibition, put together by the show's organizer, Burton Benedict. Professor of Anthropology at Berkeley, and various campus colleagues and museum scientists who worked on it with him. Since the title, though unavoidable given the nature of the enterprise, is somewhat mis-

leading, it is useful to state briefly what is to be found in these generously proportioned and well-illustrated pages.

The title-essay, by Professor Benedict himself, would have been better designated "World's Fairs: an anthropologist's perspective" and raises methodological and other questions which must be discussed later. The remaining two-thirds of the book deal with the political pre-history of the fair (Marjorie M. Dobkin), the architecture of the buildings (Gray Brechin), the fine and applied arts (Elizabeth N. Armstrong) and public interpretation of the whole in press and literature (George Starr). These last four are solid, workmanlike and appropriately parochial; that is to say their perspective is short enough for really close readings of the texts and artefacts, and all are interpretative in the current modes: "The exposition signifies something other than itself; it is a sign with a larger referent..." or "This exhausted Indian clearly symbolised the extinction of a race – a degrading attitude..." or "The Panama Pacific International Exposition was a communal recreation of a make-believe past for the raw young settlement of California...". Painstaking, cautious, Berkeleyite stuff, reflecting local preoccupations of the 1980s that seem to find highly suggestive pre-echoes in the local preoccupations of the 1910s, and a very useful coverage of an exhibition that must now seem almost as odd and provincial as the Festival of Britain in 1951, when viewed in the perspective of the general history of World's Fairs.

Such a historical perspective was clearly

among the aims of Benedict's front essay. It contains, for instance, displayed comparison tables of buildings and pavilions, categories of exhibits, and attendance and months of opening, but fairs that appear in one table don't appear in others, and a number of important fairs are omitted altogether. There are problems, admittedly (the legal status of some fairs is dubious, figures may not be available for others) but there are established scholarly conventions such as the footnote for dealing with them.

This is not just a perfectionist quibble; the deficiencies of the tables are matched by a curiously impressionistic quality in the essay itself. Assertions are made which may well be based on all the evidence but the whole of the evidence is not always laid before the reader and one has no clear idea how much one is being asked to take on trust. Alongside some telling observations – for instance, that the rise of the Olympic Games drew off much of the element of international competition from World's Fairs – there are sweeping assertions that, for example, the New York Fair of 1939 "marked a watershed", and after that World's Fairs were less important. Less important to whom? Not to engineers, architects, hucksters, movie-makers, display specialists, transportation innovators, politicians, amusement-ride designers, soft-drink vendors, and the crowds who flocked to Seattle in 1962, the "illegal" New York Fair of 1964, Montreal's Expo '67 and the Osaka World Fair of 1970. Indeed, Expo '67 seems to be gaining retrospective stature as one of the key monuments of the culture of the 1960s.

Agreed, however, that international exhibitions after the Second World War were indeed different, less interesting to one kind of anthropologist and less easily contained within the

taxonomies and procedures that make possible Benedict's finest trope: World's Fairs as great potlatch ceremonies (a thought that might have sustained far more extensive treatment than Benedict accords it here). And, of course, he is excellent on his own topic of the presentation/exploitation of exotic people by and a World's Fairs.

However, somewhere in here may lie the hidden cause of the tendency of this book to fall into two scantily-related halves. The Panama Pacific International Exposition of 1915 may have left behind a treasure-trove for anthropologists, but that is not the impact it made on the communal memory of Californians and others who saw it. The reason why the Palace of Fine Arts was preserved and then, more recently, elaborately reconstructed and restored, was that it was the most telling memorial to what the Fair was perceived to be about. Just as the Skyline – a high-tech exclamation-mark without convincing means of support – epitomized the looney hopes of the Festival of Britain in 1951, so the erudite and elegiac nostalgia of the Palace summed up (and proved viable) the attempt to recreate a make-believe past for California, and to turn the accidental ruins of the great earthquake, barely a decade before, into ruination as an art-form, a cultural sublimation of a great natural and social disaster.

In terms of the anthropology of modern California, that is what the Fair was all about, and the essays in the second half of the book make it clear that this is the case, and that suggests that the progressive positivism of the great Victorian fairs had begun to fade long before 1939. The definitive general history of international exhibitions remains to be written. The particulars of this one suggest that it may require a special kind of general theory.

Positivism or meaning

Robin Evans

ALBERTO PÉREZ-GÓMEZ
Architecture and the Crisis of Modern Science
 400pp. MIT Press. £27.
 0262 160919

According to Alberto Pérez-Gómez there are two choices for architecture: positivism or meaning, and they are in opposition to each other. A line is drawn, sides are taken and the subject of his book – the application of geometry to European architecture from the seventeenth to the early nineteenth century – is treated as contested territory. He claims that between the Renaissance and the present day architectural meaning has been almost totally obliterated by scientism.

Architecture and the Crisis of Modern Science begins with the evocation of an architecture replete with transcendental meaning, based on geometry, but unhampered by theoretical regulation. The new science of Galileo and the philosophy of Descartes threatened this stage of grace, introducing the possibility of a rational geometry detached from its origins in mysticism: Claude Perrault, towards the end of the seventeenth century, was the first to bring these new ideas into the heart of architectural debate by questioning the validity of aesthetic proportions derived from number ratios. The first part of the book deals with the controversy surrounding Perrault's transgression. The next part is largely concerned with those who, though tainted by the new rationality, managed to retain access to architecture's original symbolic power: Guarini, Boullée, Ledoux. Two final parts, the most valuable and interesting, describe the increasing number of scientific techniques gathered around architecture during this period and end with an account of Druand's functionalism.

I cannot remember having read a book so broad in conception, so well informed and wide-ranging, so deeply concerned with historical development, yet so doggedly insistent in the reiteration of one unchanging idea. Everything, it seems, is subject to decay except the opinion of Alberto Pérez-Gómez, of which there are helpful reminders placed at regular intervals throughout. For example: "In Claude Perrault's theory, architectural proportion lost

for the first time, in an explicit way, its character as a transcendental link between microcosm and macrocosm." Architecture still had much else to lose however, and by the end of the book all that is left is a mercilessly pillarded stump.

With determination Pérez-Gómez has searched out and digested material rarely made use of by architectural historians, whose characteristic disdain for the technical is normally expressed by ignoring it. Static stereotomy (drawing for stone cutting), projective geometry, descriptive geometry, mensuration, fortification, statistics, materials science, surveying and functional planning: no serious study of these, showing how they affected architectural thinking and practice has been undertaken before. But Pérez-Gómez is compelled by his sense of loss to describe them as agencies of destruction, the only capability he has any interest in relating being their power to overwhelm architecture's primordial meaning.

This leads to perversions and infidelities. When, for example, he compares the new geometry of Girard Desargues with that of Euclid, he is forced to present a manifest weakness of Euclidean geometry (the parallel axiom) as if it were a strength. Conversely, the most tangible aspect of Desargue's theorem, the principle of convergence, is presented as the most abstract and unreal. Pérez-Gómez then claims that in using Desargue's *Universal Method* of projection (as distinct from the theorem) draughtsmen could draw things without having to visualize them. Somewhere here is an interesting idea, even though Desargue's *Method* may not be the best place in which to study it. His way of looking at history permits Pérez-Gómez to see far back (to the lost age of meaning in architecture) and a long way forward (to the present day) while everything in between is regarded as being in transit between these two remote horizons. So he does not explore the idea and its ramifications. Instead Desargue's *Method* is trimmed, turned upside down, labelled "protopositivism" (a term of retroactive abuse applied also to the work of Perrault and Soufflot) and pointed to posterity. This history, mobilized against the forces of functionalization and instrumentalization in architecture, is itself functional and instrumental.

Smiling through

Eric Korn

MORDECAI RICHLER (Editor)
The Best of Modern Humour
 542pp. Allen Lane. £10.95.
 07139 16869

It's a common enough scene: person having a considerable social success with jokes, funny sayings and humorous tales, setting the table on a roar, praise and admiration, "it's the way you tell them". Touch of *superbia* comes into play, wretched fool of fate starts to talk about own preferences, nature of humour, etc. Never does audience sympathy faster dissipate. You like whom? Ken Dodd makes you do what? You've never been able to raise the ghost of a flicker of a smile at which? General outbreak of disgust and horror, which a similarly frank and open confession of cannibalism, incest or monstrosity would not evoke. Happened to me once: reached a position of such ease and intimacy with some folks I could say anything to them. Said that W. C. Fields was boring self-indulgent lull with a sense of timing of leaky clefts. End of conversation, ease, intimacy, the lot. Just because I said that W. C. Fields was a... hey, come back!

Surest way of losing friends and admirers then, must be to go into print with one's taste in humour. Make it worse, restrict it, as Richler does, to modern prose humour (people get less upset if you don't find Aristophanes a gale of guffaws, will forgive you for liking Harry Graham or hating Ogden Nash, humorous verse not being a serious matter, excepting always Clive James). Make it still worse, write a preface, citing other writers gloomily trying to be funny about being funny, underlining your own more perverse editorial judgments, eg, Dorothy Parker "no longer very funny".

So Mordecai Richler – himself, let it immediately be said, a fine and outstandingly funny novelist (*Cocksure*, *The Incomparable Atuk* and of course *Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*) – graphically and self-sacrificingly illu-

minates the phrase "on a hiding to nothing". He will be hated for what he leaves out, despised for whom he puts in, and if by chance reader agrees with his choice of writer he will hate sample. Two examples from many: a stodgy piece of early, surreal Beachcomber ("so Mr Cowparseigh's little scheme miscarried"); the great Myles na Gopaleen represented only by quantities of infamous Keats-and-Chapman jokes, of which the whole point, if any, is bathos – his B. Arch is worse than his bight, there's a nip in the heir, please Byrne when Red – jokes that can be defended as a part of the whole na Gopaleen corpus, essential to a warts-and-all portrait – but who wants the warts without the face?

Likewise there are guests invited for worthiness in other fields, like striking miners at a radical chic party. Saul Bellow is a great man and a witty one, but not a card-carrying humorist: his account here of flying to Israel with a plane-load of offensively Orthodox fellow-travellers is absorbing, wry, even amusing; but laugh aloud before breakfast, the Richler test? I doubt it. Similarly Groucho Marx is a pre-eminently funny man, or at least one-third of three funny men; not a funny writer, as adequately demonstrated here. The story about Warner Brothers complaining that they had used the name "Casablanca" before *Night in Casablanca*, Groucho riposting that he and siblings had used "Brothers" before Warner Brothers, was better as part of oral history, before Groucho published his definitive version; and his account of an evening with T. S. Eliot makes it sound like the most wretchedly embarrassing encounter since Laocöon and the serpents.

Again, Kurt Vonnegut, who can't tell a plain unvarnished tale without being mortally funny, is here represented by a sad attempt to tell a funny story, one that demonstrates that humorous science fiction is an oxymoron like frothy concrete, at best hard to achieve and a structurally undesirable material if it does happen.

For humour is not a genre. No one reads humorous books as they might read westerns

or thrillers, at least not without going crazy. (I knew a bookseller once who specialized in humorous books. Youths full of smiles and jollity would enter his shop, come out after a few minutes elderly and grey; he had to move to Haverfordwest.) Humour is a mode not a theme; a humour anthology is like an album of allegretto passages, or at best like a concert of piccolo solos. Humour shelves in bookshops become, have you noticed, flippant with embarrassment, subdivide into humorous dog books, humorous golf books, Jewish jokes, Jewish dog jokes, Jewish golf jokes, Hasidic-Jewish nine-hole golf-course jokes.

Let me, bearing in mind that reviewers of humorous anthologies are even better placed to give universal offence, tabulate. There are sixty-four pieces anthologized here, of which twenty-one caused me pleasure (P), twenty-one indifference (I), twenty-one embarrassment (E), one, an uproarious piece by Stanley Elkin about the appalling desires of a drugstore pharmacist, equal quantities of P and E. Does the P/E essay represent pay-dirt or slag-heap? I haven't enough data to be sure, but am grateful for the gold-dust (Wilfred Sheed, Veronica Geng, Roy Blount Jr funny and unfamiliar; grateful notes of recognition to Runyon, Liebling, Perelman, Heller, Philip Roth still industriously whacking-off, Amis, K. Naipaul, V. S., Bainbridge, B., Ken Tynan for one of the few enduring and endurable parodies).

More statistics: fifty Americans (where Pynchon, Brautigan?), twelve Britons (where

Frayn, where Stoppard, where Angus Wilson, where, for historical interest, Stephen Potter?), one Irishman (where Donleavy? where, yes, Beckett, Joyce?), one Canadian plus Editor (where Margaret Atwood?) No Indians, Jamaicans, expatriate Russians, but one piece (under by-line Truman Capote), apparently written by Venusian which has read article "Earth Humour" in *Encyclopaedia Galactica*.

Fifty-two men, twelve women: Nora Ephron and Lisa Alther representing Raunchy New Woman mode, Marianne Moore in wonderful exchange of letters with Ford Motor Co, who wanted help in naming their new wonder-car; finally came up with "Edsel" all by themselves. A classic Stella Gibbons, passée Cyra McFadden (*The Serial*), an everyday saga of Northern California brand-names, soon-to-be-passée Fran Lebowitz, durable Beryl Bainbridge. Where Margaret Atwood?

The oldest writer is Stephen Leacock: a historical landmark, because it contains "rode madly off in all directions", but more I than P; the newest is Ian Frazier in the charmingly unwholesome "Dating Your Mom". Highest indifference level: Oliver Jensen's "The Gettysburg Address in Eisenhowerese"; highest E-Level, George S. Kaufman's silly-vulgar playlet "If Men Played Cards as Women Do"; almost the best joke in the book is on the acknowledgments page where Samuel French have insisted on inserting an elaborate CAUTION explaining that it's theirs and you mustn't dream of acting it without sending them ten dollars.

Joking apart

Bernard O'Donoghue

MAUREEN WATERS
The Comic Irishman
 204pp. Albany: State University of New York Press.
 087935 7660

Never judge a book by its cover? This well-meaning and sometimes politically aware discussion of the treatment of the laughable Irishman from the early nineteenth century to the present day has on the front a bad drawing of a pipe-smoking, Aran-jerseyed, flat-capped figure (he has presumably put his whiskey down in order to stuff his hands into the pockets of his moleskin trousers), set in a grass-green background. In its time, it is hardly less offensive than Tenniel's apes were in theirs. And it is representative of Maureen Waters's failure to take her subject seriously enough, despite her bouts of righteous indignation about the treatment of her Victorian forebears. She convicts Somerville and Ross (travestying Matthew Arnold by associating him with their attitudes) of "racist consciousness", a strong term; yet she blithely concludes "their faults are outweighed by the merits of their best stories", illustrated by such pieces of idiomatic Irish usage as "I had to put the height of the house of curses on it before Mary would believe me". This side of Ms Waters finds Buck Mulligan a welcome relief from Stephen Dedalus in the early part of *Ulysses*; but Dedalus's attitude is that of Seamus Deane's terse observation: "A reputation for linguistic extravagance is dangerous, especially when given to small nations by a bigger one which dominates them. By means of it, Celts can stay quiet and stay put."

But of course the literary Celt can never stay quiet, whether in the representation of the Anglo-Irish or the twentieth-century Irish comic writers in whom the earlier tradition is so strong. Waters's book is divided in two along these lines: the first half, "The Folk", deals with the outsider's view (Dublin is interestingly linked with the Anglo-Irish here) of the funny ways of the country people; the second half, more cryptically called "The Masque of Satire", is concerned with the reflections of the Gaelic traditions of satire (as traced by Vivian Mercier in *The Irish Comic Tradition*) in modern Irish writers: Joyce, Beckett, Flann O'Brien, Kavanagh, O'Casey and Behan. The real difference between the two halves though is not a matter of literary tradition but (with rare exceptions like the native Irish but up-

wardly mobile William Carleton) of race. Is it all right for the Irish to tell Irish jokes? Are the savagely satirized Gaels of O'Brien's *Poor Mouth* less stereotypically offensive than Somerville and Ross's *Flurries and Slippers*? They are funnier, of course, and a more sharply observed satire; but that is a different matter. This book repeatedly raises these questions indirectly, but never addresses them. Waters senses uneasily that the answer must be political, but she doesn't follow through the historical logic of what she is saying. After dealing with the portrayal of the 1916 rebels by O'Casey (which she seems to me to misread by overstating the satirical negativity: why did O'Casey claim a tragic element in these plays?) and Behan's burlesques of his IRA days, she finds the real world different: "Whatever one's political perspective, it is not humanly possible to think of the H Block prisoners starving themselves in the old Republican style as 'comical objects'." This is simply an imaginative failure to distinguish past from present; we don't laugh at the death of Johnny Boyle in *Junjo*, and no doubt the original audience didn't either. Waters does make some good points along these lines, as when she tellingly quotes Maurice Bourgeois's observation in 1913 that the *Playboy* portrayed the Irish as "anything but fit for self-government". The play was principally resented, not as a sentimental slur on Irish manhood, but, in its political context, for providing yet another demeaning, stereotypical view of Ireland at a time when Home Rule was on the statute book.

The principal objection to *The Comic Irishman*, then, is that while it is a fair introductory conspectus of the modern stereotyping tradition of its literary subject, it doesn't seriously evaluate its principles. There are other faults too: Waters makes it clear that she doesn't know the Irish language, but surely the book could have been checked through by someone who knew some Irish. The two errors in "un-aignean gan cuineas" (for "un-aignean gan cuineas") are bad enough; but "Niamh" ("Niamh"), "usque bentha" (for "uisque", at worst) and "Snámh da den" (for "da en") should have been avoided. Such errors occur throughout. They might be tolerated as nothing worse than typographical sloppiness in another context; but here, where the very subject is the quaint barbarity of Irish traditions, they reinforce the impression given by the spud-in-the-Bejasus cover that the whole matter is so humorous that accuracy in the presentation doesn't matter much. Despite its worthy intentions and often sympathetic views, finally the book perhaps does more harm than good.

The Inventor of Franglais? (A Comment)

Thence to Jervas's, my mind, God forgive me, running too much after sa fille, but elle not being within, I away by coach to the Change – and thence home to dinner; and finding Mrs. Bagwell waiting at the office after dinner, away elle and I to a cabaret where elle and I have été before; and there I had her company toute l'après-dîner and had mon plein plaisir of elle – but strange, to see how a woman, notwithstanding her greatest pretences of love à son mari and religion, may be vaincu.

Samuel Pepys, *Diary*, January 23, 1665

Well, God, j'ai souvent pensé (in clear or fractured français) a pris le soul des femmes – but toutefois the Devil maudit is souverain of their body and has his will of Dames!

He does all that he vouloit to each partridge or poulet, we're instruments – c'est tout! Bon Dieu, above, has thunder – le Diable rules what's under – très bon for me and you!

Les female protestations qui annoncent their detestations of all luxuriex men – sont pour the record only, le corps stays soft and lonely et le fait again and again!

GAVIN EWART

As we were

P. J. Waller

A broad welcome is in order for The English Working Class, a facsimile series of twenty-nine volumes published by Garland in New York. They include major works of inquiry and observation, which both reflected and influenced the formulation of social and industrial policy between 1890 and 1914. The editor, Standish Meacham, has expert credentials as the author of *A Life Apart: The English working class, 1890-1914*. His and the publishers' policy as to the composition of the series is not made explicit but, plainly, one consideration was the sheer availability of texts. Probably no American library holds the entire collection in original form. The main sources from which copies have been taken are the British Library and, in America itself, the Library of Congress and Harvard, Princeton, and Yale University Libraries. Many university libraries, therefore, in America and elsewhere, will seize this opportunity to add to their collections, as will individual scholars who have exhausted their searches of second-hand bookshops.

But rarity value does not necessarily correspond to importance. In one or two cases the book which best represents a particular theme or the special standpoint of an author is not that which finds inclusion here. The problem posed by Charles Booth, however, is made unique by his many-sidedness and his prolific output. The seventeen volumes of the *Life and Labour of the People in London, 1889-1903*, which ensure his fame as a pioneer of the empirical social survey are avoided by Garland. To single out a sample volume, even the

Conclusions, would be folly; anyway, other publishers have produced edited extracts in recent years. It was wise, therefore, to focus upon another aspect of Booth's reputation: his championship of old-age pensions as a right of citizenship by public endowment. Even so it is a little strange to republish *The Aged Poor in England and Wales, 1894*. As a testimony to Booth's awesome ability as an accumulator, and as a mine of information for modern historians, this work has value; but the case for choosing it in preference to *Pauperism, a Picture, and the Endowment of Old Age, an Argument, 1892*, or *Old Age Pensions and the Aged Poor: A proposal, 1899*, is not self-evident. In these publications Booth debates the question with a compendiousness and cogency which he does not attempt in the Garland volume.

For the rest it was necessary to strike a balance between academic and commercial considerations, and here one can fathom the editor's and publisher's policy more easily. Thus C. F. G. Masterman's *From the Abyss, 1902*, is rightly valued for its anxious assessment of the mafficking masses of urbanized England:

Our streets have suddenly become congested with a weird and uncanny people. They have poured in as dense black masses from the eastern railways; they have streamed across the bridges from the marshes and desolate places beyond the river; they have been hurried up in incredible number through tubes sunk in the bowels of the earth; emerging like rats from a drain, blinking in the sunshine.

Powerfully impressionistic piece though this is, it is impossible to pretend that *From the Abyss* is superior to *The Condition of England, 1909*, as a statement of Masterman's opinions and concerns. Presumably, it was publishing considerations which decided for the former since the latter was reprinted by Methuen in 1960. Not that this rule is universal. The omission from the series of *At the Works, 1907*, Lady Bell's classic study of a manufacturing town (Middlesbrough), may be explained by the David and Charles reprint of 1969; yet the same firm in the same year reprinted Alfred Williams's *Life in a Railway Factory, 1915*, which gains a place in Garland's series.

This may be a miscalculation or oversight but simple misfortune surrounds the selection of Mrs Pember Reeves's *Round About a Pound a Week, 1913*: Virago picked Garland to the post in 1979 with a much cheaper reprint of this. Virago has also stolen a march with a paperback reprint of Clementina Black (ed), *Married Women's Work, 1915*. Virago has the edge also by having commissioned introductions to its reprints, whereas it is an overall weakness of the Garland series that it confines its editor's introduction to a general advertisement. Separate prefaces which defined the

contemporary context and historical significance of each volume would enhance the value of republication.

These reservations aside, Professor Meacham and the publishers deserve congratulation for the service they are rendering to students of the late nineteenth and early twentieth-century English working classes. They make newly and widely available important works bearing upon particular places and problems. The salience of A. L. Bowley and A. R. Burnett-Hurst's *Livelihood and Poverty, 1915*, is unquestionable, as is that of B. S. Rowntree's *Poverty, A Study of Town Life*, here reissued in the amplified second edition of 1910. It is good to have in



"A Poor Family 1910" reproduced from *Edwardian Children* by Joanna Smith (187pp. Hutchinson, £9.95, 0 09 147910 X).

addition the survey of the Outer London Inquiry Committee, edited by Edward Howarth and Mona Wilson, *West Ham, 1907*, while W. H. Beveridge's seminal *Unemployment: A problem of industry, 1912*, is complemented by the less well-known report of Seebohm Rowntree and Bruno Lasker, *Unemployment: A social study, 1911*.

An especially interesting group of books deals with women's work and its associated problems. These are being republished with an eye to the current vogue for feminist history, no doubt, but this was equally an emphasis of the age—not only Clementina Black and Maud Pember Reeves, but Edward Cadbury, Cécile Matheson and George Shann's Birmingham survey, *Women's Work and Wages, 1909*; the Women's Industrial Council's inquiry, edited by Ramsay MacDonald, *Women in the Printing Trades, 1904*; two reports of the Women's Co-operative Guild, *Working Women and Divorce, 1911*, and *Maternity, 1915*; and Anna Martin, *The Married Working Woman, 1911*. B. L. Hutchins's general survey, *Women in Modern Industry, 1915*, contains comparative data from other countries as well as a sceptical assessment of the provisional effects of the Great War on women's work. The plight of the female work-force occupies a large part also of the Women's Industrial Council's study *Domestic Service, 1916*, and the *Handbook of the "Daily News" Sweated Industries' Exhibition*, edited by Richard Mudie-Smith in 1906, each of which addresses the crucial question whether women in fact displaced men in industry or simply did different kinds of jobs.

Another area of substantial concern for late Victorian and Edwardian progressives was youth. The phase of development reached by the twin forces of urbanization and industrialization by 1900 was adjudged to have brought special difficulties for adolescents—socially, in the range of temptations, from mere loafing about on street-corners to active involvement in vice and vandalism, which town life encouraged; economically, in the obstacles placed in the way of training for stable employment, as the expansion of the distributive trades and service sector multiplied the number of "blind-alley" or "dead-end" jobs and as changing technology in manufacturing industry regraded skill and brought a decline in apprenticeships. Arnold Freeman's inquiry on behalf of Birmingham City Council summarizes this concern in its subtitle—*Boy Life and Labour: The manufacture of inefficiency, 1914*. Freeman's study is complemented by three other well-chosen examples: Reginald Bray, *Boy Labour and Apprenticeship, 1911*; C. E. B. Russell, *Social Problems of the North, 1913*;

and E. J. Urwick (ed), *Studies of Boy Life in our Cities, 1904*.

The wish to improve the urban and industrial environment found expression in the town-planning movement. Its literature is not directly represented in Garland's series, understandably perhaps, since very little planning involved working-class participation. But housing reform did bear very obviously on working-class experience, with important consequences for both material comfort and family life. Addresses given at Manchester University by Seebohm Rowntree and Arthur Pigou, *Lectures on Housing, 1914*, consider this issue, posing chiefly the question of how



"A Poor Family 1910" reproduced from *Edwardian Children* by Joanna Smith (187pp. Hutchinson, £9.95, 0 09 147910 X).

pay for improvements: answer, by means of qualified state subsidies. The lecturers also take note of the contemporary garden city and allotments campaigns and refer to Continental experiments.

Housing is touched on in other volumes of the series also. For Bowley and Burnett-Hurst, it is among the most important indexes of relative poverty in their survey of Northampton, Warrington, Stanley and Reading. Howarth and Wilson too give it prominence in their account of West Ham, while for the social worker, like Helen Bosanquet of the Charity Organization Society, or the district nurse, Margaret Loane, imperfect housing conditions were what working-class wives had to make the best of in their pursuit of sound domestic management.

Bosanquet's *Strength of the People, 2nd edn, 1903*, and Loane's *From Their Point of View, 1908*, however, are valuable chiefly as examples of the ways in which middle-class reformers observed and (mis)understood working-class attitudes. These are remarkable texts, combining keen sympathy, shrewd perception and sober assessment with, in Bosanquet's case

Volumes in this Garland series include:

Walter Besant: *East London, 37pp.*, 55 illustrations. \$35. 0 8240 0101 1
W. H. Beveridge: *Unemployment: A problem of industry, 421pp.*, \$38. 0 8240 0101 X
Clementina Black (Editor): *Married Women's Work: Being the report of an enquiry undertaken by the Women's Industrial Council, 301pp.*, \$27.50. 0 8240 0102 8
Charles Booth: *The Aged Poor in England and Wales, 334pp.*, \$44. 0 8240 0103 6
Helen Bosanquet: *The Strength of the People: A study in social economics, 365pp.*, \$33. 0 8240 0104 4
A. L. Bowley and A. R. Burnett-Hurst: *Livelihood and Poverty: A study in the economic conditions of working-class households in Northampton, Warrington, Stanley, and Reading, 222pp.*, \$24. 0 8240 0105 2
Reginald A. Bray: *Boy Labour and Apprenticeship, 259pp.*, \$24. 0 8240 0106 0
C. V. Butler: *Domestic Service, 148pp.*, \$16.50. 0 8240 0107 9
Edward Cadbury, Cécile M. Matheson and George Shann: *Women's Work and Wages, 368pp.*, \$33. 0 8240 0108 7
L. C. Chiozza Money: *Riches and Poverty, 358pp.*, \$33. 0 8240 0109 5
Arnold Freeman: *Boy Life and Labour: The manufacture of inefficiency, 267pp.*, \$27.50. 0 8240 0110 9
Edward G. Howarth and Mona Wilson: *West Ham: A study in social and industrial problems, 492pp.*, \$38. 0 8240 0111 7
B. L. Hutchins: *Women in Modern Industry, 334pp.*, \$31. 0 8240 0112 5
M. Loane: *From Their Point of View, 216pp.*, \$30. 0 8240 0113 3
J. Ramsay MacDonald (Editor): *Women in the Printing Trades: A sociological study, 215pp.*, \$20. 0 8240 0114 1

especially, purple passages of blazing indignation and gross ignorance. How like "they" really were is a consideration which weighs heavily upon both authors, whose perplexity is indicative of the increasing self-consciousness about class in the Edwardian period. Concern about the class inequalities inherent in the codification and administration of justice are manifest in E. A. Parry's *The Law and the Poor, 1914*, an unexpected but wholly estimable inclusion in the series.

Central to the debate about class, and with clear political instructions for budget-making and social policies, is the celebrated account of the unequal distribution of wealth and opportunity by Chiozza Money, *Riches and Poverty, 1906*, a standard point of reference for any historian of the Edwardian age. Of more dubious value is Henry Solly's *Working Men's Social Clubs and Educational Institutions, 1901* edition. This is an abridgement of the text first published in 1867, though it is supplemented by some of the author's sermons and by an appreciation of Solly, the founder and first secretary of the Club and Institute Union, from his successor, B. T. Hall. Modern historians need to understand the part played in working-class life by clubs as well as pubs; but the reprinting of Solly's text brings out how much editorial introductions were needed to the volumes in the series, for the state of the club movement was very different in 1904 from that described by Solly in 1867. A controversy about the serving of alcohol in the clubs had been resolved in the defeat of the "dry" party, and this was symbolic of a wider transfer of control and change of character. It was the extent to which the clubs' working-class clientele was running its own affairs, having successfully organized and taken over institutions founded by middle-class patrons and once governed in the interest of "rational" recreation and improvement, that was the really striking development from the 1870s. The Solly-Hall history, therefore, needs to be treated with caution.

Walter Besant's *East London, 1901*, similarly, is far from constituting a comprehensive or satisfactory survey. Besant was prone to romanticize and only rarely succeeded in narrowing the distance that separates middle-class author from working-class subjects, though his attempt to counter fatalistic assumptions about degenerate and unregenerate East London is worthy of note. The hope of bridging this class gap is expressed in the title of Alexander Paterson's description of South London, *Across the Bridges, 1911*, which completes the series.

Altogether this collection makes a rich resource, supplying plentiful evidence about both waste and vitality in working-class lives. Moreover the observers themselves are at much subject for study as the observed: the series is precious too for the picture it gives of middle-class partialities and purposes.

Sale of literary and historical books and MSS

Sarah Bradford

The earliest and most expensive of the manuscripts in Sotheby's two-day sale of English literary and historical books and manuscripts was an important Irish historical document, the *Red Book of the Earl of Kildare*, a 155-page volume of transcripts of grants, inquiries, title-deeds and other documents relating to the family and estates of the Earls of Kildare from medieval times. It was compiled by Philip Fitzliff in 1503 at the orders of Gerald Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Kildare and virtual ruler of Ireland under the English almost continuously from 1477, when he succeeded his father as Deputy Governor, until his death in 1513. As a complete record of the Fitzgerald estates it was eagerly sought by Thomas Cromwell's agents after the execution of the rebel tenth Earl in 1537 to facilitate their confiscation of his lands, but has, however, remained in the family's hands until its sale by the present Duke of Leinster who might well have uttered a delighted "Cromwell" (the family war-cry) as the manuscript sold for £25,300 to Maggs against an estimate of £8,000-£12,000. The Duke also sold to the same buyer for £2,420 a fine heraldic manuscript, a transcript of the *Red Book* executed by the then Ulster King of Arms, William Roberts, in 1633.

Twenty years later in date and also with an Irish connection, the *Ballads dedicated to the Lady Victoria Uvedale by their Author John Patrick Carey... London, Dublin, Tew. Wickham, (1652) Writ all by the Author's Owne Hand. An* (1653) was a delightful object, a collection of poems written in a fair hand by their author and embellished with pen and ink vignettes. Carey was the son of the first Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland; a gentleman poet of the order of Lovelace, his work remained unpublished until John Murray obtained what was then the only known manuscript which he presented to Sir Walter Scott who included the poems in an edition of seventeenth-century verse, keeping the original in his library at Abbotsford. The Sotheby's manuscript was purchased by Quaritch for the Brotherton Collection at the University of Leeds for £12,650.

Carey was described by Evelyn as "a witty young priest who afterwards first came over to our church"; also included in this sale was an important private collection of papers by an earlier generation of Catholic priests whose faith was of a fiercer and more durable nature. These English recusants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries included William Allen, founder of the English College at Douai, Thomas Fitzherbert and Robert Parsons, who not only accompanied Campion as a missionary

priest to England in 1580 but subsequently, as Prefect of the Jesuit Mission, masterminded the sending of priests there from Europe. Most of the thirty lots relating to English Recusancy failed to sell, despite their interest; estimates were high and the English Catholics were, after all, on the losing side. In contrast a signed letter by Sir Francis Drake, a power of attorney for the management of his estates made out to his wife and his brother Thomas, written on May 30, 1588, the day the English fleet set out against the Armada, made £10,450 to Joseph.

There was controversy of the kind much enjoyed by the book world over the authentication of a set of books hitherto thought to have been owned by Jane Austen. The seven-volume first edition of Richardson's *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, the property of the Earl of Mount Charles, is listed number twelve among the twenty books owned by Jane Austen in David Gillon's *Bibliography of Jane Austen, 1982*, and Sotheby's catalogue declared the signatures in five of the *Grandison* volumes to be identical with a Jane Austen signature in a volume of *Rasselas* in the Beinecke Library at Yale as illustrated in an article by Gillon on "Jane Austen's Books", in the *Book Collector*, 1974. Now, however, an expert source claims that a comparison of the Yale Jane Austen signature in the *Rasselas* with Jane Austen ownership inscriptions in eleven volumes with an impeccable provenance, Arnaud Berquin's *L'Ami des enfants, 1782-85*, now in the Houghton Library at Harvard, shows that they are not in the same hand. In short, if the Houghton copy is right then the Yale and Mount Charles copies are wrong. Despite a saleroom notice at Sotheby's acknowledging the controversy, the *Grandison* was bought for £3,850 by John Fleming of New York and the question as to whose is the real Jane Austen has not yet, publicly at least, been resolved.

There were no doubts, however, about the authenticity of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's working notebook for *The Seraphim and Other Poems*, some 150 pages of drafts, revised and reworked, for most of the poems in the collection and approximately 250 apparently unpublished lines. Hailed by the catalogue with a touch of hyperbole as "one of the most important and visually dramatic poetical manuscripts of the modern period to have been offered for sale in recent years", it was sold for £20,900 to Joseph, while a letter by E. B. B. discussing romance and marriage written two months before she married Robert Browning went to the same buyer for £1,705. Evidently the intensely cultivated field of E. B. B.'s poetry and romantic life remains attractive to collectors as does the no less exposed saga of Bloomsbury. Bloomsbury items have become an inevitable

feature of modern literature catalogues—here were Leonard Woolf's address book (£396 to Burwood) and eight volumes of Virginia's pocket engagement diaries ("E. Bowen tea") three of which were bound by herself, sold for £1,760 to Rota.

"In 1950 I went to Belfast", Philip Larkin recalled ("An Interview with *Paris Review*" in *Required Writing, 1983*) "and things reawoke somehow. I wrote some poems, and thought, these aren't bad, and had that little pamphlet *XX Poems* printed privately." "That little pamphlet", one of 100 copies, estimated at £200 to £250, went for £900 to Gekoski. Graham Greene's staying power was also demonstrated by the price paid, £1,760 by Maggs, for an odd item, the FBI files on Greene, together with the autograph draft and revised typescript of his *Spectator* article on the subject. "One idle moment it occurred to me", Greene wrote, "that I might find some amusement and even a little instruction by applying... for the release of documents concerning me under the Freedom of Information Act. I certainly found some amusement but little instruction. In the forty-five pages of material which was sent to me nearly sixteen were blacked in heavy ink. So much for 'Freedom of Information'..." William Golding fared less well with first edition presentation copies of both *Pincher Martin* and *The Spire* failed to sell. Nor did anyone want the first (and only) edition of Lawrence Durrell's first novel, *The Pied Piper of Lovers, 1935*, rare and estimated as such at £2,500 to £3,500. Predictably there were several copies of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the most expensive being a proof copy with the title printed as "1984" which was bought by Maggs for £1,265.

The top price for a printed book in the sale was the £24,200 paid by Maggs for the King James Bible, 1611; this copy, the first issue of the first edition of the Authorized Version, was the property of Sir Richard Acland. A first edition of Dickens's *Pictures from Italy, 1846*, a presentation copy to his old friend Thomas Bead, also made a very high price, £4,620 to Sawyer. Copies of *Dracula* tend to be well-thumbed, but here was a first edition, first issue, of the book in very fine condition with a presentation inscription by Bram Stoker to Professor James Dewar, the noted physicist. It was acquired by Quaritch for £3,520 against an estimate of £700 to £900. The first edition of James Joyce's *Cricket, An Heroic Poem... 1744*, is rare, only three other copies being listed by Foxon; bound in a volume with six other poems it was sold for £1,155 to Mackenzie. "Hall Cricket glorious, manly, British Game", Dance began his panegyric, and the next two books describe the match between Kent and England played on the Artillery Ground, London, on June 18, 1744. Kent won.

Benefits of clerisy

Paul Quarrie

IAN PHILIP
The Bodleian Library in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries
156pp. Oxford University Press. £17.50.
0 19 822484 2

Ian Philip, who spent all his working life at the Bodleian Library at Oxford, latterly as Keeper of Printed Books and Deputy Librarian, in his *Lyle lectures in the Trinity term, 1981*, gave all his auditors enormous pleasure as he surveyed the history of that great institution from its foundation in 1602 to the end of the eighteenth century. Those lectures, with footnotes and index and some illustrations, are here printed. Philip touches deftly on all aspects of Bodleian history during the two centuries. The vicissitudes are laid bare: the chronic difficulties with the Stationers' Company about the deposit of books (in December 1610 the Company had "out of their zeal to the advancement of learning" granted to the University a copy of every new book in quires), and the lack of general funds for the purchase of current publications. In the early years of the eighteenth century only nine pounds a year was spent on the purchase of books, a figure raised in the 1720s to just under forty (and this due to gifts and legacies), but once again dropping to a beggar-

ly sum where it remained until In 1780 proper provision was made for an income based on fees (£480 pa on average from 1780 until 1800).

How then did the Bodleian's wonderfully rich collections of manuscript and printed books come about? The answer is simple: by gift, augmented from time to time by particular University grants. Foremost among the benefactors stand Archbishop Laud and John Sel-den, Sir Thomas Roe and Lord Pembroke (the Barocci manuscripts), Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Christopher Hatton (a purchase, effected in 1671 with special funds), Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln and Bodley's Librarian, 1652-60, the weight of whose benefaction necessitated in 1700 the advice of Sir Christopher Wren and the construction of buttresses on the Exeter College side of Duke Humphrey's Library. In the next century there were Bishop Tanner and Richard Rawlinson (whose manuscripts totalled 5,205 volumes, not actually all sorted and catalogued until 1898) and others besides. These names are handed down to posterity in the shelf-marks still used. Finally one should mention the public and private (mostly from Christ Church) generosity which enabled the library in the late eighteenth century to buy heavily at the Pinell and Crevener sales in 1789 and 1790, and thereby to add spectacularly to its collection of classical antiquity.

Over this growth presided a series of ten librarians, from Thomas James, a friend and correspondent of Sir Thomas Bodley, closely involved in the setting up of the library and the initial purchases of books, and responsible for its first catalogue, to Thomas Price (librarian 1768-1813). During this period six catalogues of printed books were produced, the first in 1605 and the last in 1795 (a list of the purchases at the two sales mentioned above). Of these the 1620 catalogue is a landmark in library history, being "the first published alphabetical catalogue of a public library". It, and for many years the 1674 catalogue, begun under Thomas Locke and completed by Thomas Hyde, were widely used in other libraries (at the Mazoir library until 1760), as indeed was the later 1843 catalogue.

All these things are covered admirably by Philip, but briefly. Sir Edmund Craster in more spacious days devoted over three hundred pages to one hundred years. Here two hundred years are compressed into 113 pages (plus notes) and although Philip's exemplary brevity of style does not leave one feeling breathless, yet one wishes for greater detail, and more dispassionateness to cap the instruction and pleasure the book provides. There are few misprints, the most notable being on page 75 where Anselm Bandurin's name appears as Baudurin (also in the index).

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The National Library of Scotland, George IV Bridge, Edinburgh EH1 1EW, has last month published the *Scottish Gaelic Union Catalogue* at £10. Edited by Mary Ferguson and Ann Matheson, it records entries for works in Scottish Gaelic, or containing an appreciable amount thereof, in eighty-three Scottish and major British libraries.